

The Sketch

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 908.—Vol. LXX.

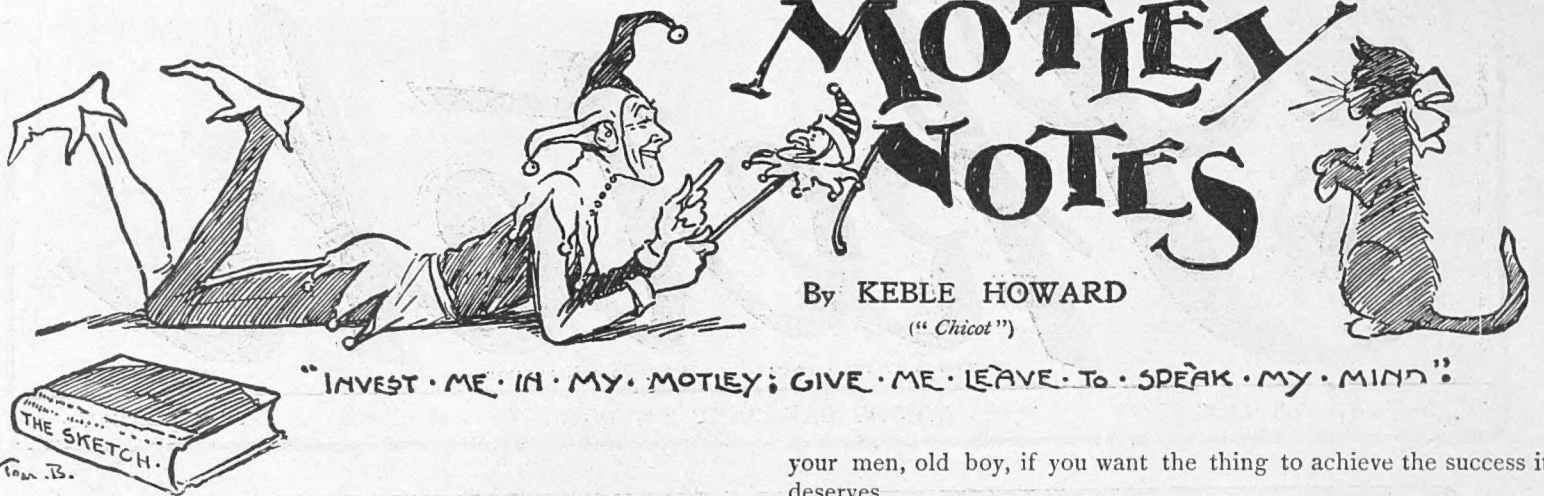
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1910.

ONE SHILLING.



"GOOD-MORROW TO-THE DAY SO FAIR,
GOOD-MORNING, SIR, TO YOU."

Photograph of Miss Phyllis Dare, in "The Girl in the Train," by Foulsham and Banfield.



AFTER THE MATINÉE; OR, THE YOUNG AUTHOR
AMONG THE EXPERTS.

I.—THE FIRST EXPERT.

A MODERN DRAMATIST. Congratulations, my dear fellow.

AUTHOR. Thanks, very much. Did you like it?

M. D. Certainly I did. Oh, yes, I certainly liked it.

A. Good.

M. D. All the same, I should like to offer you a little bit of criticism, if you won't be offended.

A. Not a bit of it. Fire away.

M. D. Well, if you'll allow me to say so, your dialogue is weak. It wants to be crisper, smarter, wittier, more epigrammatic. The public look for that sort of thing nowadays. A few of us have made it the vogue, you know. Everything else is all right—plot excellent, acting perfect, stage-management fine.

A. I see.

M. D. Yes, I'm sure I'm right. You run through it carefully and you'll see at once what I mean. Well, good luck with it, anyhow.

A. Good-bye. Thanks awfully.

II.—THE SECOND EXPERT.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DRAMATIST. Ha, ha, my dear boy! There you are, revelling in glory! Allow me to lay my humble tribute on the pile of floral offerings!

AUTHOR. Thanks very much. Did you like it?

O.-F. D. Charming, my dear boy! Charming, charming, charming!

A. Good.

O.-F. D. Just a word in your ear, my boy. You won't mind an old hand at the game giving you the benefit of his experience, eh?

A. Not a bit of it. Fire away.

O.-F. D. Then I'm going to tell you this, and bear in mind that it's well meant. *There's too much humour in your piece.* You rely too much on your dialogue, and too little on your plot. It's the story that makes the play—never forget that. I know perfectly well that some of these youngsters who have just jumped up from nowhere will tell you that the dialogue is everything and the story doesn't matter. They're wrong, my boy—dead wrong. Don't listen to 'em! Strengthen your plot a bit, and the rest is as right as rain. See what I mean?

A. I see.

O.-F. D. Yes, and I'm right. I know it. Well, the best of luck, my lad!

A. Good-bye. Thanks awfully.

III.—THE THIRD EXPERT.

ACTOR. A thousand congratulations, my dear old chap!

AUTHOR. Thanks very much. Did you like it?

ACTOR. Like it? I *loved* it, old man. Simply *loved* it!

AUTHOR. Good.

ACTOR. There's only one tiny little complaint I have to make. You won't be angry, old friend?

AUTHOR. Not a bit of it. Fire away.

ACTOR. The play's as right as rain, my dear boy. You've got an original plot, brilliantly worked out; delightful dialogue; novel situations; strong curtains. All your women, too, are excellent—quite excellent. The weakness lies in your men. They don't do you justice, old boy. Your leading man's stiff and awkward; your first comedian isn't funny—a very nice chap, and all that, but not a bit funny. And the rest are much the same. You'll have to change

your men, old boy, if you want the thing to achieve the success it deserves.

AUTHOR. I see.

ACTOR. Sure you don't mind my pointing that out? Right O! So long!

AUTHOR. Good-bye. Thanks awfully.

IV.—THE FOURTH EXPERT.

ACTRESS. What a *sweet* play! Perfectly delicious! I *do* congratulate you!

AUTHOR. Thanks very much. Did you like it?

ACTRESS. Oh, I loved it! Simply loved it! I did, really!

AUTHOR. Good.

ACTRESS. I thought the whole thing quite perfect, except in one small respect. I wonder if I dare tell you? I'm so terrified lest you should be offended.

AUTHOR. Not a bit of it. Fire away.

ACTRESS. All your men are lovely—too divine for words. But don't you think yourself that some of the women were a little bit weak? I mean to say, dear Miss ———, for instance. She's the dearest thing—one of my oldest and best friends—but I honestly don't think she can play that part for toffee. She's not in sympathy with the character. And then Miss ———. Hopelessly wrong—at least, so it seemed to me. Such a pity when the parts are so good. You want people, I think, with more subtlety to make the most of your lines.

AUTHOR. I see.

ACTRESS. Well, I really must rush. Have so enjoyed it.

AUTHOR. Good-bye. Thanks awfully.

V.—THE FIFTH EXPERT.

A PRODUCER. Capital, old man. Excellent. Big go.

AUTHOR. Thanks very much. Did you like it?

P. I did, indeed. One of the prettiest things I've seen for a long time.

A. Good.

P. Only one fault to find. Better not mention it, though. You authors are so beastly touchy.

A. Not a bit of it. Fire away.

P. The play's as right as rain, old man. Take that from me. I shouldn't touch it anywhere, if I were you. And all your people are right; but, if you don't mind my saying so, they've not been handled properly. Such a lot more could have been got out of them. I can't remember exactly at this moment where your production went wrong, but there were at least a dozen places. Mind you, it makes all the difference to the success of your play. The best play in the world will fail if it's badly stage-managed. That's what I wanted to tell you.

A. I see.

P. Now I must get along. Bear in mind what I've told you.

A. Good-bye. Thanks awfully.

VI.—THE SIXTH EXPERT.

THE CHARWOMAN. Oh, what a laughable piece, Sir!

AUTHOR. Thanks very much. Did you like it?

C. Oh, yes, Sir. I've bin laughin' fit ter cry fer the last two hours.

A. Good.

C. What a pity, though, about that there—— Oh, I don't know as I ought to mention it. Might seem a liberty.

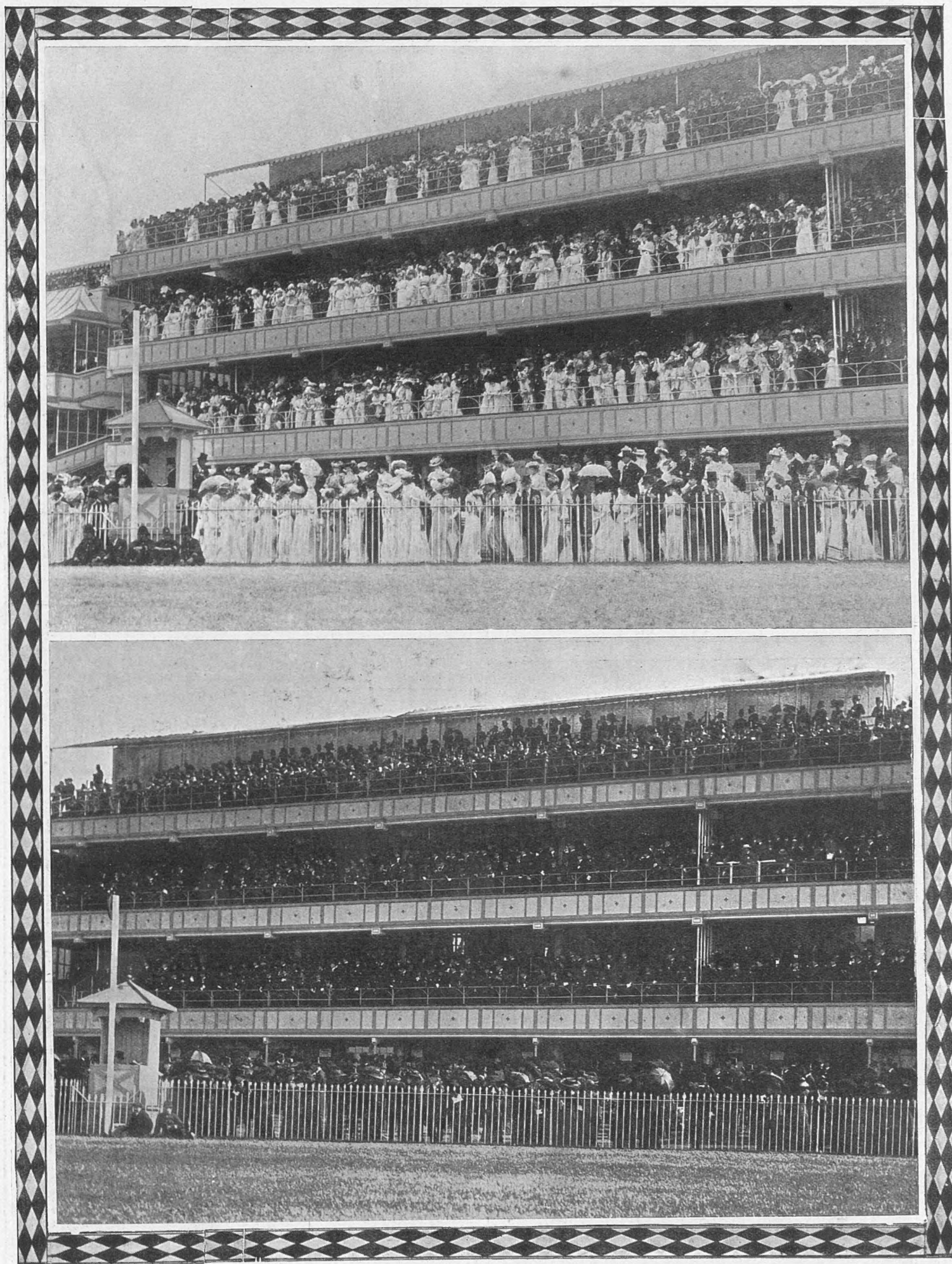
A. Not a bit of it. Fire away.

C. All I was goin' ter say was, what a pity about them there chairs and tables bein' so dusty! Quite spoiled it, ter my mind! Somebody might just as well have took a duster an' rubbed 'em over! So noticeable from the front. I 'eard several——

[Exit AUTHOR, foaming at mouth, strapped to shutter.]

BLACK ASCOT AND A ROYAL ASCOT—A STUDY IN CONTRAST.

THE BRIGHT SCENE OF OTHER YEARS AND THE SOMBRE SPECTACLE OF THIS YEAR.



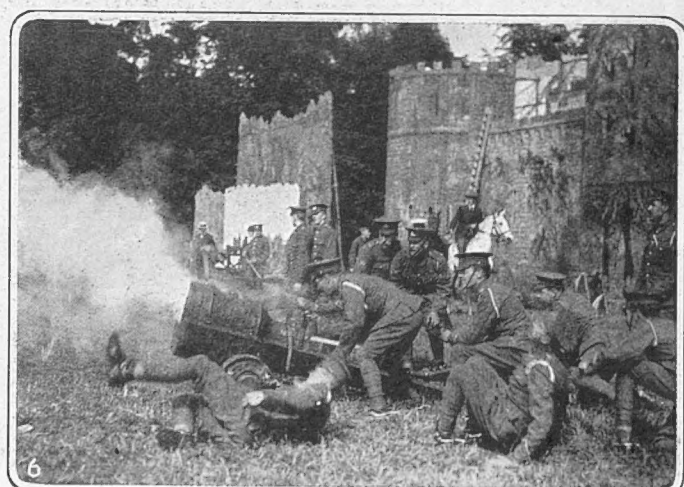
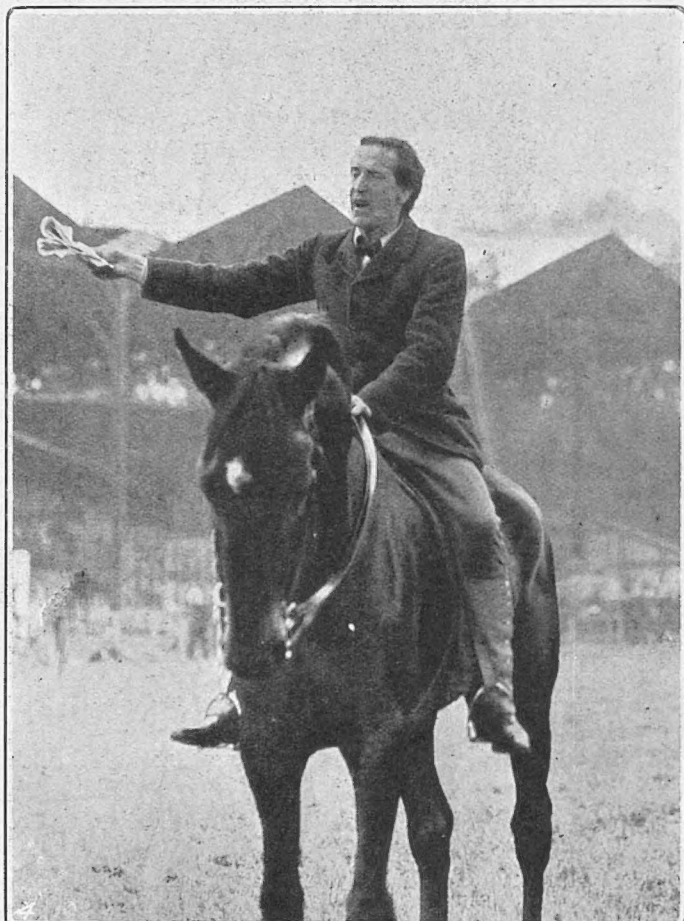
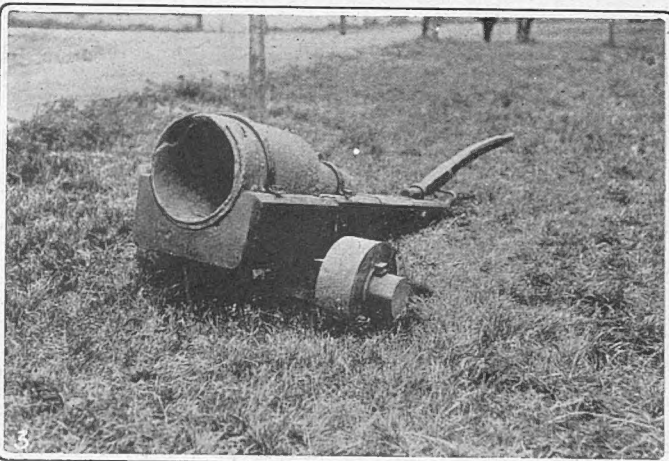
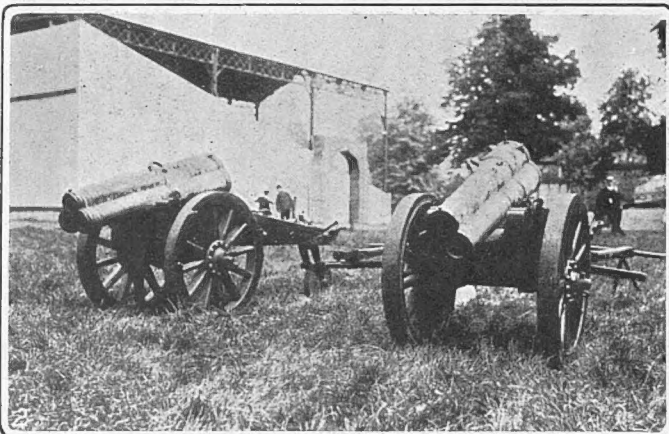
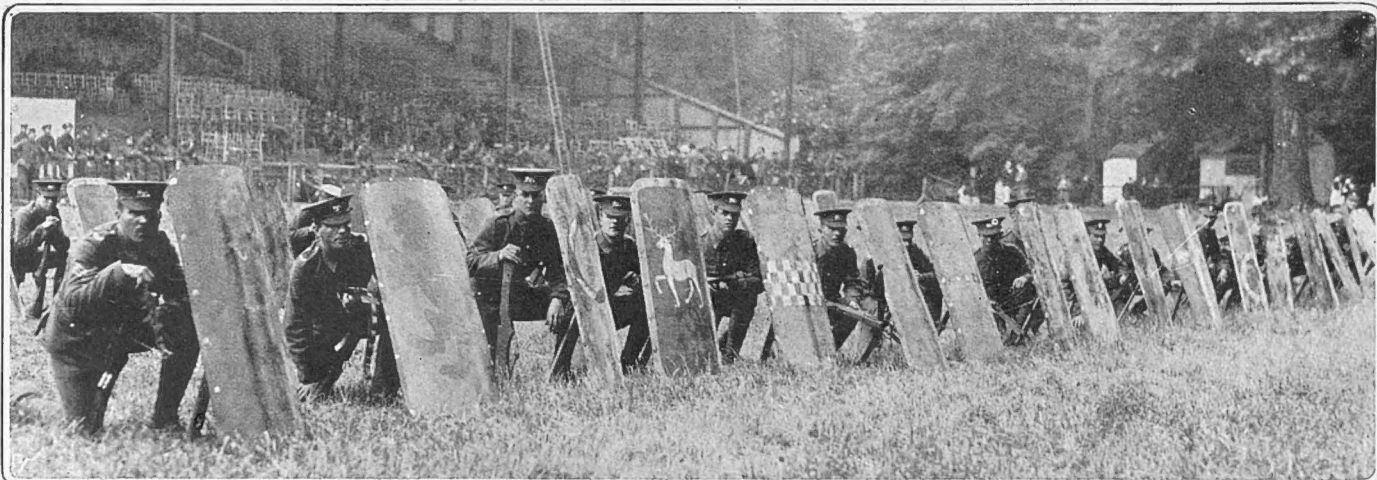
1. ASCOT AS IT USUALLY IS: RACEGOERS IN ALL THE GLORY OF SUMMER DRESS.

2. ASCOT AS IT WAS THIS YEAR: A MASS OF RACEGOERS IN MOURNING.

Ascot this year provided a remarkable sight, for, the Court and the people being in full mourning, practically everyone who attended it wore unrelieved black. In the Royal Enclosure, of course, full mourning was worn. This fact, and the fact that the blinds of the Royal Pavilion in which King Edward sat so often were drawn, lent the function a sombreness that is absolutely foreign to it as a rule, and was the subject of constant remark.

Photographs by W.G.P. and Sports Company.

ANACHRONISMS OF REHEARSALS: PREPARING THE ARMY PAGEANT NOW BEING HELD IN THE GROUNDS OF FULHAM PALACE.

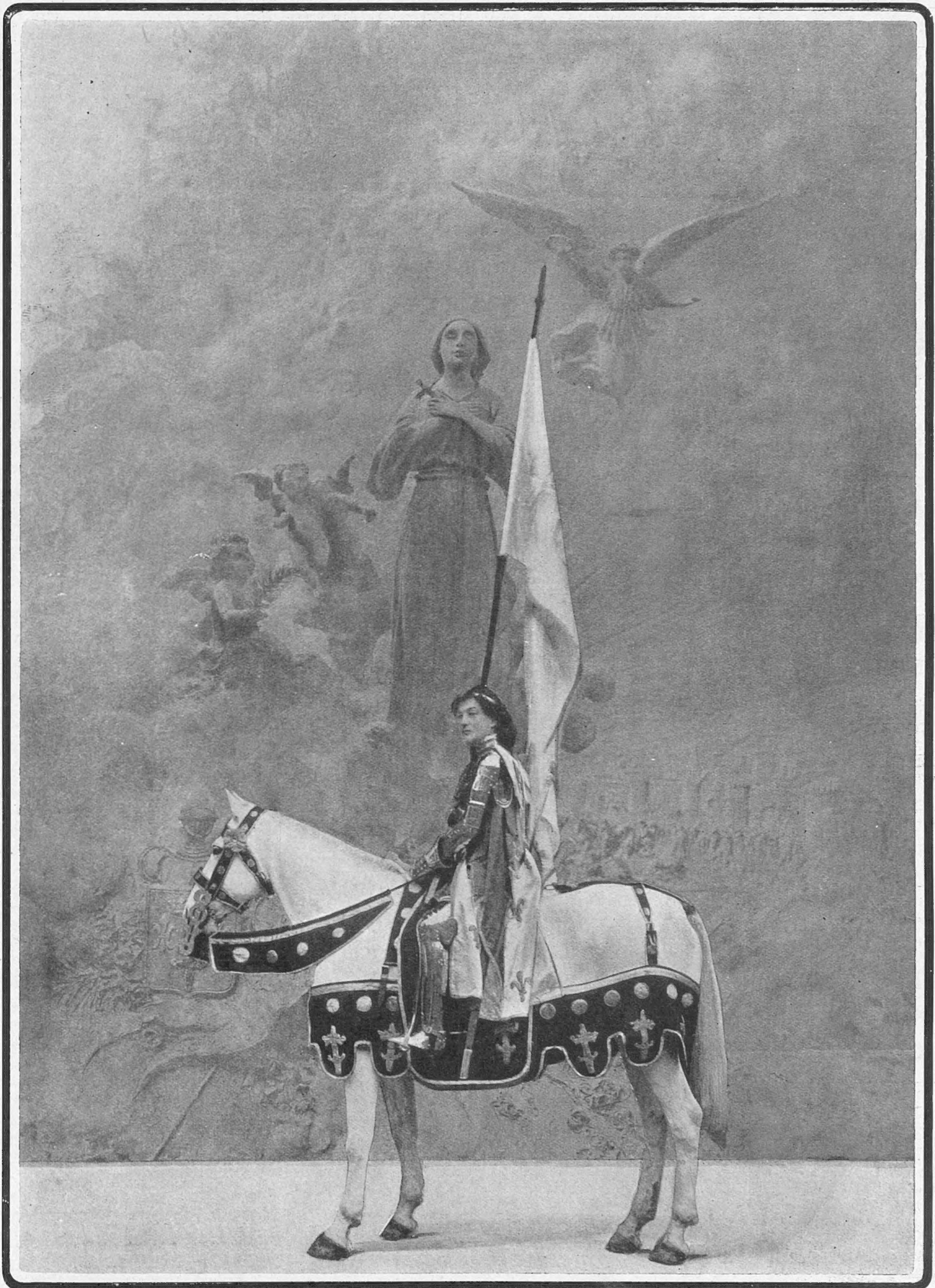


1. AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL WITH A FEW PROPERTIES: TWENTIETH-CENTURY SOLDIERS ACTING AS CROSSBOWMEN AT THE BATTLE OF CREÇY.
2. ARTILLERY CAPTURED AT MALPLAQUET AND BEING USED IN THE PAGEANT: TWO THREE-BARRELLED CANNON LENT BY THE WAR OFFICE.
3. ARTILLERY FOR THE BATTLE OF CREÇY: THE BOMBARD OF THE PERIOD THAT IS BEING USED IN THE PAGEANT.

4. A MASTER OF THE PAGEANT: MR. F. R. BENSON, THE WELL-KNOWN SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR, DIRECTING A REHEARSAL.
5. IN THE CAMP OF THE REGULARS WHO ARE APPEARING IN THE PAGEANT: THE LAKE OF EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION AS A SWIMMING-BATH.
6. MODERN ARTILLERYMEN AND FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ARTILLERY: MEN OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY (J BATTERY) FIRING A BOMBARD.

For the purposes of the Pageant, the War Office have lent ancient cannon and armour valued at £1700, a figure which, however, must not be taken to indicate the sum that such relics would fetch if they ever came into the sale-room. The guns include a Crécy bombard, and two three-barrelled cannon captured from the French at Malplaquet. In the "Battle of Naseby" are worn forty suits of Cromwellian armour that were used in the actual conflict. Two thousand picked officers and men, drawn from fifty-one regiments, are taking part in the Pageant. They are camped in a part of the old Earl's Court Exhibition grounds.—[Photographs by G.R.P. and G.P.U.]

THE LADY WHO CONQUERS THE ENGLISH ARMY AT FULHAM:
THE JOAN OF ARC OF THE ARMY PAGEANT.



TO LEAD A CHARGE OF KNIGHTS IN THE GROUNDS OF FULHAM PALACE:
MRS. HENRY HOHLER AS JOAN OF ARC.

The Army Pageant, which opened in the grounds of Fulham Palace on Monday last (the 20th), continues daily until the 2nd of next month. Mrs. Henry Hohler, second daughter of Sir George Wombwell, who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade, is the Joan of Arc, and in that capacity has to lead a charge of French knights against the English.—[*Photograph by Kate Pragnell; setting by "The Sketch."*]

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
Reappearance of MR. EDMUND PAYNE and full Gaiety Company. EVERY EVENING at 8. OUR MISS GIBBS. Box-office open to till 10.

NEW THEATRE. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.
FRED TERRY as Sir Percy Blakeney.
Every Evening at 8. Matinée every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Every Evening at 9, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by Oscar Wilde.
At 8.30, "A Maker of Men," by Alfred Sutro. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN.
EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—At 9. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Co. in a
New Farical Comedy, THE NAKED TRUTH, by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell.
8.15, "The Parents' Progress." MATINEE WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at 3.

EMPIRE. LYDIA KYASHT and ADOLF BOLM in a
series of DANCE IDYLLS, "HULLO, LONDON!" Millie Legarde, J. F. McArdle,
Ascot Races on the Bioscope, and Selected Varieties.
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1910.

JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1910.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.
Under the Auspices of the
IMPERIAL JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
ADMISSION 1s.

GREATEST EXHIBITION IN HISTORY.
A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS. A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

UXBRIDGE ROAD. Admission by MAIN ENTRANCE.
JAPAN AT WORK. JAPAN AT PLAY. JAPAN IN PEACE AND WAR.
JAPAN AT WORK. JAPAN AT PLAY. JAPAN IN PEACE AND WAR.
JAPAN IN EVERY PHASE. JAPAN IN EVERY PHASE.
IMPERIAL JAPANESE MILITARY BAND.
MAGNIFICENT BRITISH MILITARY BANDS.
UNIQUE AND UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIONS.
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, GRAND PYROTECHNICAL DISPLAY,
by Jas. Pain and Son.

Patrons: T.M. the King and Queen.
CHESTER HISTORICAL PAGEANT
JULY 18 to 23, at 2-45 p.m.
8 EPISODES DAILY. 3000 PERFORMERS.
BAND OF ROYAL MARINES. LARGE CHORUS.
Master: G. P. HAWTREY, M.A.

Seats: 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Standing, 2s. From Phillipson and Golder,
Chester, and all Cook's Offices.
Pageant Booklet and Illustrated Guide to Chester free from Managers:
BARING BROS., Pageant House, Chester.

**WESTGATE-
ON-SEA.**

**ST. MILDRED'S
HOTEL.**

UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.
STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE
Entirely redecorated throughout. Magnificent Lounge.
THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC
LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.
SPECIAL TERMS FOR LENGTHENED STAY DURING
THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.
ELECTRIC LIFT. Telegrams: "St Mildred's," Westgate.
Telephone: 0106 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

BIRMINGHAM.—IMPERIAL HOTEL, formerly Acorn Hotel,
Temple Street. 100 BEDROOMS. Three Minutes' Walk from both Railway Stations.
GARAGE. Passenger Lift. Night Porter. Telegrams: "Acorn" or "Imperial," Birmingham.

WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.
The Ideal Residential Hotel. A delightful combination of Hotel Life and Private Flats.
Self-contained Suites of Rooms, Single and Double Rooms for long or short periods. Recherche
Restaurant. Magnificent Public Rooms. Valet, attendance, light, baths, inclusive. No extra
charges. Telephone, 2341 Victoria. W. M. Neffzger, General Manager.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The
most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light, Sanitation officially certified. High-
class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

**THE
LANGHAM
HOTEL.**

POSITION UNRIVALLED
IN LONDON.

Unique Location in
PORTLAND PLACE & REGENT ST., W.
FAMILY HOTEL
OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.
Modern Appointments. Moderate Tariff.

CHARMING
SUITES
and
SINGLE
BEDROOMS
FACING
SOUTH.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL. Premier Hotel
of Midlands. Ideal Summer Resort. Centre of Beautiful and Historic Country. Large
Stables and Garage. Moderate Terms. Telephone 741 Leamington. Telegrams, "Regent."

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of
the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an
essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long,
however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of
the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat
the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those
who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult
Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission
agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit"
and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A
Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials
which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straight-
forward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present
successful position.

DROITWICH (WORCESTERSHIRE.)
THE FAMOUS BRINE BATHS SPA
FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, &c.
Lovely country. Good Hotels. Golf. Illustrated Booklet "I o 8" free.
J. H. HOLLYER, CORBETT ESTATE OFFICES, DROITWICH.

**RIPON SPA, THE CITY
OF CHARMS.**

This Ancient and Historic City and Health Resort is situated in the midst of the most
picturesque Yorkshire Scenery.
Health and Holiday Seekers will find Ripon replete with entrancing interest and attraction.
The Pastoral Surroundings for miles around are of unsurpassable beauty, and include the world-
famed Fountain's Abbey.
It is also an excellent Motoring, Golfing, Shooting, Fox and Otter Hunting, Fishing and
Boating Centre.
The new Spa Baths, splendidly equipped with the most Modern Treatments, including Turkish
Baths, Reclining Hot Sulphur Baths, Reclining Cold Sulphur Baths, Electric Immersion Baths,
Ionisation, Galvanisation, High Frequency Currents, Vibratory Massage, Local Radiant Heat,
Aix Douche, etc.
High Curative qualities are warmly recommended by the medical profession; remarkable
"cures" have been effected, and invalids rapidly regain health.
Most luxurious Spa Hydro Hotel, beautifully appointed, standing in its own delightful grounds
of 10 acres, accommodating 100 Guests. Private access to Spacious Pump Room and Spa Baths.
Full particulars, Illustrated Guide and Booklets from The Town Clerk, "B" Department,
Town Hall, Ripon.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY. A FRESH SENSATION.
£10. A FORTNIGHT'S DELIGHTFUL CRUISE NORWAY
—the "Wonderland of Nature"—for £10, including full board. The luxuriously-appointed
steam-yacht HAAKON VII. (specially built in 1907 for these tours) starts from NEWCASTLE-
ON-TYNE, JUNE 28, JULY 12, 26, AUGUST 9. Every comfort and convenience; cuisine
equals that of first-class hotel. Perfectly smooth water in land-locked fjords and channels.
NORDEN FJELDSKE STEAMSHIP COMPANY, TRONDHJEM, NORWAY.
Write for fully Illustrated Programmes of above, and of more extended Cruises, to
P. H. MATTHIESSEN and CO., Newcastle-on-Tyne; also from COOK'S, and all leading
Tourist Offices.

IMPROVED AND ACCELERATED SERVICE
TO
SOUTH GERMANY AND TRIESTE.
DAILY EXPRESS SERVICE to the CONTINENT, via Harwich—Hook of Holland
British Royal Mail Route.
THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Amsterdam,
Hanover, Berlin, Cologne and Biele; and Hanover and Leipzig. THROUGH CARRIAGES
to and from Frankfurt-on-Main, Wiesbaden, Ulm, Munich, Heidelberg, Stuttgart.
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland. CORRIDOR
TRAIN, Dining and Breakfast Cars.
ANTWERP, via HARWICH, for
BRUSSELS (AND ITS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION),
the Ardennes (Cheap Continental Holiday), every week-day.
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. CORRIDOR TRAIN,
Dining and Breakfast Cars.
Rundreise Tickets—Quotations given for Tours.
TURBINE STEAMERS on the Hook service. WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY—SUB-
MARINE SIGNALLING.
Particulars at 12a, Regent Street, W. (near Piccadilly Circus), or of the Continental
Traffic Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

IMPROVED SERVICE
TO AND FROM
DENMARK. NORWAY. SWEDEN.
VIA
HARWICH AND ESBJERG,
By the Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen, four times per week.
Further particulars from the United Shipping Company, Limited, 108, Fenchurch Street,
London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

HAMBURG.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway,
via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers
"HIRONDELLE" and "PEREGRINE," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Corridor Train, Dining and
Breakfast Cars.
First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.
Second Class, Single, 25s. 9d.; Return, 38s. 9d.
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 15, Trinity Square, E.C.; or of the Continental
Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

ROYAL LINE TOURISTS—FISHERMEN—HUNTERS.
TO
CANADA
FOR SUMMER
HOLIDAYS. FASTEST AND MOST LUXURIOUS
STEAMERS.
Canadian Northern Railway Lines traverse best
Holiday, Shooting, Fishing, and Hunting Territories.
Tours planned. Through Tickets issued by Canadian
Northern Steamships, Limited.

Apply Bond Court, Walbrook, London, E.C., or to West-End Office, 65, Haymarket,
London, S.W.; 65, Baldwin Street, Bristol; 141, Corporation Street, Birmingham; Chapel
Street, Liverpool; 1 bis Rue Scribe, Paris.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."
Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"
and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the
Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or
detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

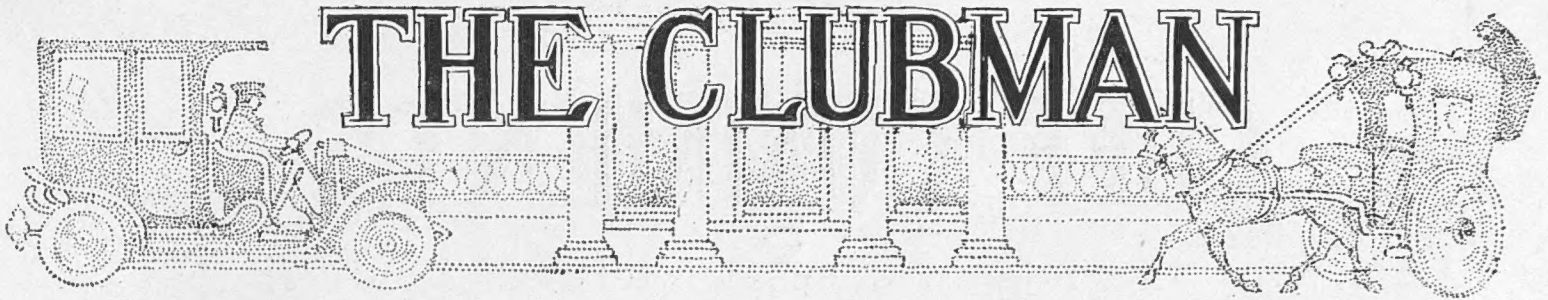
"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d. Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d. Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number),
8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number),
Six Months, 15s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



The Military Pageants.

This is a week of military pageants, for the Naval and Military Tournament is in full swing at Olympia, while the Army Pageant is in the first week

of what will be, I am sure, a most successful career at Fulham. Both the Tournament and the Pageant are no mere performances for pleasure's sake. Both have an educational value, as well as being a great aid to recruiting. "Britannia's Muster," which brings into the arena representatives of some

of the most famous regiments in the Regular Army, puts side by side with them Yeomanry and Territorials who have fought for King and country, and some of the best-known of the Colonial regiments, men of Canada and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa, and men of our great Indian Empire also, to remind us that many Sikhs and Rajputs and Gurkhas have given their lives for the British Raj

Some Strange Battles.

At Fulham, the Pageant not only traces the formation of the British fighting-man by the mingling of Saxon and Norman blood, but it also shows how, by battle after battle, infantry and cavalry and artillery learned what they could do and what they could not do in battle. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules, and one of these exceptions is shown by the representation of the Battle of Minden, in which the British infantry, through the misunderstanding of an order, took it to be a direction to advance with drums beating, and charged and overthrew the French cavalry—a feat by all the rules of battle quite impossible.

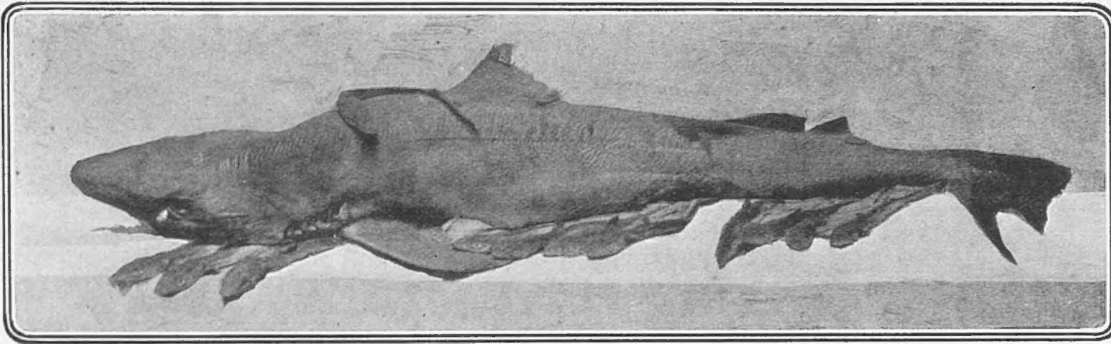
To Aid Recruiting.

There are, however, other military displays now in progress in various parts of the country. On a recent Saturday at Hurlingham I saw a musical ride and some feats of swordsmanship by the 21st, the "Empress of India's" officers—a very pretty sight; and at the Winchester Agricultural Show the Royal Artillery are giving a display; while also at most of these great county gatherings the county regiments are in evidence. All this is excellent for recruiting, and not only are recruits wanted for the rank-and-file of Regulars and Territorials, but also for the commissioned ranks. Sandhurst and Woolwich have once more thrown wide their doors to any young man who can pass a qualifying examination, and never during the years that I have known the Army have commissions gone begging as is now the case. When I passed into the Army in the early 'seventies, there were more than four hundred competitors for fifty commissions. Nowadays there might be but fifty competitors

for four hundred commissions. The Government and the War Office will have sooner or later to do something to restore confidence amongst our squires and clergy and retired officers—

amongst those classes, in fact, whose sons form the bulk of our present officers. At the moment, the older men, to whose advice the young generation listens, do not recommend any youngster to go into a service where the work is hard, the pay is poor, and the chances of promotion are very

uncertain, owing to the threatened reduction of more regiments and batteries.



THIRTEEN FISH CAUGHT ON A SINGLE HOOK! THE MAJOR CATCH AND THE MINOR CATCH.

Our correspondent writes: "This dog-fish was caught at Herne Bay by Mr. W. Rose, who was using a strong hook, with a pianoforte steel trace, about four miles from shore. It took one hour and ten minutes to land the catch. Inside were found the twelve young dog-fish shown in our photograph, they having gone to the "interior" for safety.—(Photograph by L.N.A.)



"COX" OF THE NEW COLLEGE EIGHT FOR FIVE YEARS IN SUCCESSION: MR. J. A. ST. G. ROBERTSON.

Mr. Robertson has established a record by acting as "cox" of the New College eight for five years in succession. He has also steered a winning trial eight, and his coxing at Henley Regatta two years ago called for special mention. It may be noted that New College created a record last year—that of being for twenty-five years among the first three boats on the river.

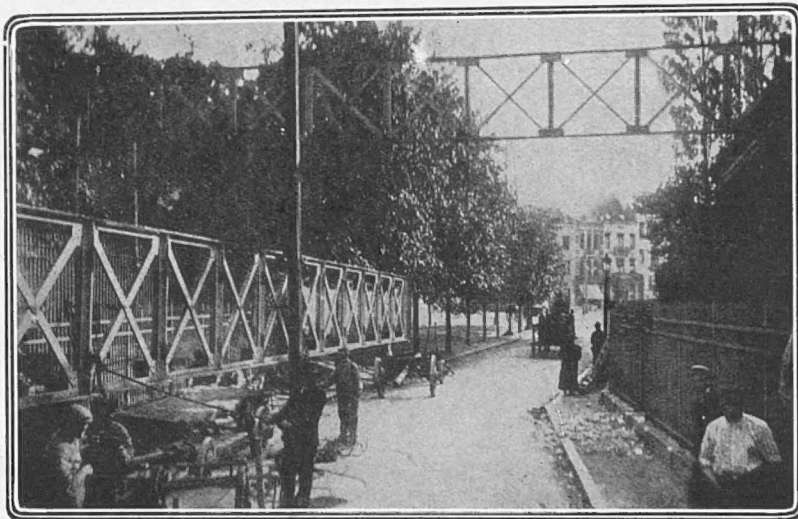
Rhododendron Viewing.

The rhododendrons in Hyde Park are now at their greatest beauty, ablaze with colour, but it is astonishing how few people even pause to look at the beautiful sight. Any morning two rows of people may be seen sitting on the chairs on either side of the lawns where the rhododendrons are, deliberately turning their backs on them and gazing on one side at a macadamised road, and on the other side at the tan of Rotten Row. Only one man have I seen with his chair turned, looking at the flowers, and he was a Japanese. Our allies the Japanese, who are teaching us many things at Shepherd's Bush, might well teach us how to appreciate the beauty of our flowering trees. Japan, however, has no sight to show more beautiful than the rhododendrons in Richmond Park last Sunday and the Sunday before. Had Richmond been near Tokio, every man, woman, and child of the Japanese capital would have gone to see the marvellous blaze of colour. In Richmond Park, in the afternoon, ten days ago, when the blaze of colour was at its best, not thirty people were walking through the thickets to view their splendour.

A New Paris Club.

The Vicomte René de Montozon Brachet, a young French philanthropist, has started in the Mont Parnasse region of Paris a club which will be of the greatest use to young British and American artists who know no one in Paris.

It is a strangers' club, and the intention of its founder is to bring the young Anglo-Saxon artists and other students into pleasant Parisian society in the capital. The Englishman who goes to Paris has no idea what dull and lonely lives the great majority of the young Englishmen and Americans lead who go to Paris to work, and whose purses are not too well filled. A solitary evening in a studio is apt to be a dull one, and the man who is really working keeps away from the rowdy life of the Boul' Mich' and the music-halls and the supping-places. M. de Montozon Brachet has done a very kindly deed in forming his club, and I trust that it may flourish



THE REMOVAL OF "THE LOVE BRIDGE": TAKING AWAY THE BRIDGE BETWEEN KING LEOPOLD'S PALACE AT LAEKEN AND THE RESIDENCE OF THE BARONESS VAUGHAN.

Photograph by Topical.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

A BILL has been introduced into the Louisiana Legislature for the suppression of bridge-playing wives. The ladies intend to retaliate by the introduction of a Bill for the suppression of golf-playing husbands.



Bread is cheaper now, and cheaper in Canning Town than in other parts of London. But one cannot send to Canning Town every time one wants a roll at luncheon.

Captain Charles C. Healey, of Chicago, says that he does not see where there is a chance to improve London. After this it is really about time that we began to throw our chests out. More side, gentlemen, please! The good Bishop was quite right.

Sad news from the "Zoo." The giraffe refuses to take any notice of her long-legged baby. If New Woman ideas are going to catch on at the "Zoo," we shall be having Votes for Giraffes soon.

Indiscreet men of science are trying to find out the age of the ocean by discovering how salt it is, and how long it has taken for the saltiness to accumulate—in other words, its age. Really, there ought to be some reticence in these census matters.

It is officially stated that four bull elephants and two cow elephants have been shot "in error" in Uganda. Central African elephants are debating the advisability of wearing placards, "Please aim at me, and not at the cat."

Horrible thought!
Could it have been
K-rm-t?

THE ANGRY COW.

(Milk from a cow that has been in a violent temper, or that has been thoroughly frightened, is full of toxins. The remedy is to keep cows calm.)

"Thank you, pretty cow, that made Pleasant milk to soak my bread."
Thus we sang, with reckless rhyme,
In our far-off baby-time.
Now we say, "Insidious cow,
Cross the road when there's a row,
If a dog barks, turn aside,
Lest your temper should be tried."

"Angry passions are taboo
To the utterers of 'moo';
Rage and fury, female spite,
In a milch-cow are not right;
Toxins are the dire result
For the infant and adult,
Therefore let your motto be
Imperturbabilitée."

A homing pigeon has arrived at its home at Little Drayton after being away for two years. This sounds like the Odyssey of the British husband as told in the police courts.



"In theory the leg from the knee downward should, when the rider is in the saddle, remain in a horizontal position," writes an expert on horsemanship. This is all very well in theory, but most unusual in practice.

Although dogs may be taken on the Tube railways, they are not allowed to occupy seats, even though tickets must be taken for them. And the poor beggars are not tall enough to be strap-hangers. May they hold on by a passenger's leg?



Mr. W. J. Bryan says that the

only way to settle the drink problem is to put up the bars inside the individual. This would settle the question with a vengeance. A man with a private bar inside him would be always tipping.

THE BATTLE OF SUMMERSALES.

(Remarkable doings by women at "Summer Sales," including forcible struggles for the possession of coveted articles, were described to Mr. Plowden at the Marylebone Police Court.)

The summer morn was dawning in the pleasant Edgware Road, As the Amazonians gathered at the Calendar's abode; The door flew wide before their rush, and with a fear-some din,

They fought and strove and struggled till the windows tumbled in; And there the clothes in serried rows, and bargains piled on high,

And heaps and heaps of odds and ends caught the enraptured eye. They pounced and snatched, and grabbed and scratched, they tore the things in two, And Roosevelt deeds of valour did these bargain-hunters do.

But none so brave as Phyllis, with her hatpins in her hand,

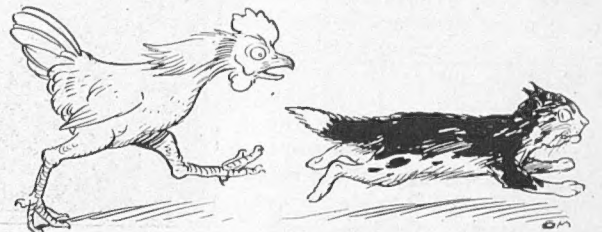
Who swept the choicest bargains from each counter and each stand. So glory give to Phyllis, who was foremost in the raid,

And holds the record score for goods for which she never paid.

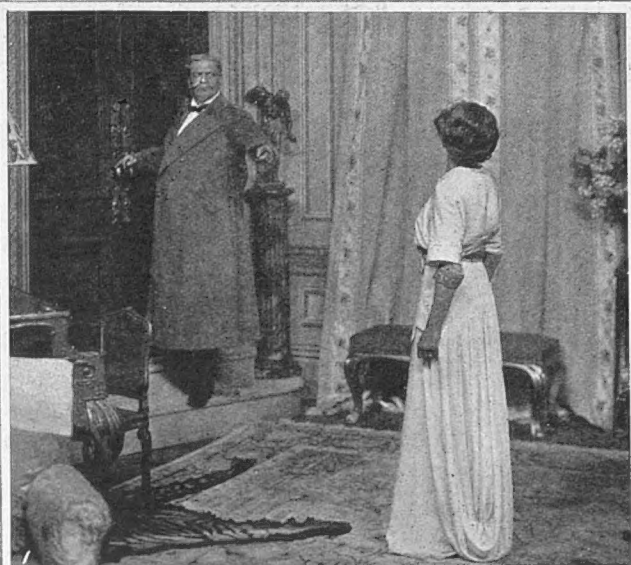
Awesome news from Kent. A correspondent riding through a farm-yard came across a carnivorous hen. Let

us hope that the clucker is not organising a revenge for all the cold chicken and poached eggs.

The kippers, too, are getting saucy. Two Irish fishermen have been chased by a monster fish ten feet long, and with a large head, which made an utterly unprovoked attack upon them. This is not playing the game. It still wants nearly six weeks to August. In addition to this, it has been magisterially decided that winkles are wild animals. If winkles are going to bite us, no man's life will be safe in the streets unless he is armed with a pin.



"CONNAIS-TOI" IN ENGLISH: "GLASS HOUSES." AT THE GLOBE.



1. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS GENERAL SIR PAUL CARTERET, THE MARTINET; AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CARTERET, WITH WHOM HE IS MUCH IN LOVE, DESPITE HIS HECTORING MANNER.

3. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS GENERAL SIR PAUL CARTERET, WHO FINDS, TO HIS DISMAY, THAT HE HAS BEEN LIVING IN A GLASS HOUSE.

2. MR. HERBERT SLEATH AS JOHN, THE GENERAL'S SON, AND MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT AS MRS. GORING, WHO IS CARRYING ON AN INTRIGUE WITH HIM.

4. MR. NORMAN TREVOR AS CAPTAIN BERNARD O'BRIEN, WHO IS IN LOVE WITH LADY CARTERET; AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CARTERET.

"Glass Houses," produced the other day at the Globe, and evidently destined to have a long run, is an adaptation, by Mr. Kenneth Barnes, of M. Paul Hervieu's "Connais-toi."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Farce with Staying Power.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the moribund season has been, and is, the success of "The Importance of Being Earnest": revived at the end of November, and still active, it has the record run of 1909-10. It seems queer that the almost fifteen-year-old farce should have had such a triumph. Yet, upon going to see it again

the other night, I could not feel altogether surprised by its popularity. It has enough solid quality—solid quality seems a strange word to apply to a farce—to justify its existence. Some of the critics (I, alas! among them) hardly recognised this in 1895, when "The Importance of Being Earnest" was born. The author had been so prolific in a certain form of wit—a form so specifically his own as to have a kind of trade-mark—that we underrated its quality. Familiarity had its expected effect. Now that this form of wit has died out, chiefly because the many imitators of Oscar Wilde could only imitate the failures and not the successes, one can judge the play more fairly and appreciate it better. Few farces are as witty, and consequently, despite some antiquities of technique, it is surprisingly fresh. Moreover, it is fundamentally

the audience. Miss Helen Rous has enough of the grand manner for the part of Lady Bracknell, without sufficiently showing her Ladyship's sense of humour. Mr. Vivian Reynolds is rather too farcical; but Mr. Eric Sterling played the part of the butler finely. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell was charming and pleasantly naïve as Gwendolin; and Miss Rosalie Toller acted brightly in the part of Cicely.

Re-arrival of "The Lyons Mail."

Mr. H. B. Irving has revived "The Lyons Mail" for the second time this season, which suggests that his schemes have gone somewhat agley. In the course of time his admirers will begin to hope that, as stop-gaps, he will have something of greater value than the famous old melodrama of Charles Reade. Nobody can deny that his performances in the parts of Dubosq and Lesurques are wonderful, even if, in accordance with tradition, he renders it difficult for the audience to understand how it came about that the people of the play mistook the one for the other. I suppose this traditional method of acting the two characters will last as long as the play. At any rate, the part of the callous assassin is rendered with remarkable power, and there is great dignity in the actor's work as the unfortunate victim. The comic relief was very well given by Mr. Dodsworth and Mr. Reynolds. Julie was prettily played by Miss Gladys Baird, and in the character of Jeannette, Miss Esmé Beringer rendered valuable assistance by her admirable acting.

"The Blue Bird."

There was a time when "The Blue Bird" threatened to keep flying till all was blue. However, six months have ended its first innings. Nobody expected such a triumph—which, indeed, makes one hopeful by showing the existence of many people capable of enjoying a fancifully beautiful piece. I went the other night to see the lady who replaces Miss Pelly, the delightful original representative of Water. Miss Morris dances skilfully and poses well; but Miss Pelly's marriage is a gain to one and a loss to the many. The omission of the forest scene was a great gain—the attack by the animals and trees had rather a pantomime tone. No doubt the Maeterlinck piece will reappear next year. Let us hope most of the present company will be available. One could hardly endure any other Tylö than Mr. Ernest Hendrie, who rendered the dog beautifully; and Mr. Norman Page has worked up Tylotte, the cat, to a wonderful pitch; nor could one have a better Bread than Mr. Rigby, or Sugar than Mr. Hignet; and the father by Mr. Warburton, grandfather by Mr. William Farren, the mother by Miss Murray, and the Night of Mrs. Raleigh and Time of Mr. C. V. France are all too good to be spared.



TO MARRY MR. FRANK CURZON, THE WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL MANAGER: MISS ISABEL JAY.

Miss Isabel Jay, the well-known actress, at the present moment leading lady in "The Balkan Princess," at the Prince of Wales's, is to marry Mr. Frank Curzon, manager and lessee of that theatre, in the summer. Before she went on the musical-comedy stage, Miss Jay earned fame at the Savoy, where she made her first appearance as Elsie Maynard in "The Yeomen of the Guard."—(Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.)

humorous. Strange to say, what it lacks is that which was regarded originally as the main element of farce—namely, strong, somewhat eccentric character. The whimsical, witty creatures of the farce, even when finely interpreted, are somewhat bloodless. Jack and Algernon might change places without difficulty—not the slightest strangeness would be felt were the one acting and speaking exactly as the other; but it must be admitted that they both act and speak very funnily.

Changes the Author Would Have Made.

It is deeply to be regretted that the author did not live to attain his full intellectual development: probably he would have swept through the farce with a blue pencil, cutting out the weak jokes—of which there are not a few. Yet, even with these left in, the average is high enough to keep the farce alive for many years to come. Perhaps he would have tried to strengthen the first act; this is doubtful. Possibly he guessed the fact that a strong first act has killed many a promising farce. Sad experience has taught me to feel nervous when a farce begins brilliantly; I know that the odds are tremendous against success, that the second act is likely to be weaker, and the third weakest; and that we may leave the theatre forgetting that we laughed between nine and nine-thirty-five, and only remembering that we yawned soon after the curtain rose on the third act. It may be that he would have altered the ending of the second act, which, as it stands is a concession, almost a candid concession, to the simple-minded sort of people unlikely to appreciate such a phrase as "He has never written a single book, so there is no knowing how learned he may be." I noticed the other night that the physical struggle over the muffins produced the most boisterous element of the evening. It is a nice question whether he would have altered this. But what audacity to cast these muffins in our teeth!

The Acting.

Mr. George Alexander's performance as Jack Worthing is remarkably good, hitting nicely the exact point of farce, and full of humour. Mr. Allan Aynesworth is funny, but gets a little over the line, and sometimes recognises



TO MARRY MISS ISABEL JAY, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS: MR. FRANK CURZON.

Mr. Curzon, who is a Liverpool man, and was born at Wavertree, joined the stage while in Manchester, and later toured several pieces with success. His first great hit in London was made with "The Chinese Honeymoon," at the old Strand Theatre. "A Message from Mars" was also produced by him. Since then he has been responsible for many noteworthy presentations.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



THE TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE OF TENNIS: THE TWIN BROTHERS C. G. AND E. R. ALLEN—A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.

Although they have reached the age which qualifies lawn-tennis players for veterans' handicaps, the twin brothers C. G. and E. R. Allen can still hold their own in the best company, especially in doubles, where the affinity which exists between twins is reflected in their clever combined play. So alike are they that it takes a man with Sherlock Holmes's powers of observation to tell them apart, though, as a matter of fact, "C. G." is a little bigger than his brother; they also part their hair on opposite sides. The interest of seeing them play together is added to by the quaint remarks and ejaculations with which they greet each others' efforts. In fact, they are the recognised purveyors of comic relief in the stress and strain of tournament tennis, and wherever they go they "draw." We claim no originality for their nicknames given above. They are the names by which they are known to (and called behind their broad backs by) a large circle of amused admirers.—[Photograph by Stearns.]



THE HON. MEMBERS FROM HUDDERSFIELD: PARLIAMENTARIANS IN WAX AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

Brussels Exhibition, like the Exhibition at the White City, has its waxwork groups. At Brussels, they take the form of a number of most interesting sets of wax figures. The one that has aroused most interest is, perhaps, that here illustrated, which shows the Lobby of the House of Commons and such politicians as Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Balfour, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Asquith. This group, designed to illustrate the wearing of Huddersfield cloths, is one of those subscribed for by members of the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce.—[Photograph by Samson and Co.]



A BIG FLEET OPERATION

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE Japanese pearling-fleet hugged the eastern limit of the shoal with the tenacity of vultures, while the smoke from their oil-fed galley-fires trailed, rancid as blubber-fumes, across the straits. Captain William H. Hayes, with his squadron of eight newly painted luggers, watched them critically from the northern edge of the bank, and prayed for the early death of the nor'-west monsoon.

Both fleets scowled at each other across the sponge-covered shallows, holding to their reef-anchors and sounding occasionally the smother of water that whitened the inflowing tide. The race for possession of the new pearling-ground had been swift and bitter. Captain Sustu Ma, with his twenty-five narrow-beamed luggers, had been first on the scene—first to hoist the flag of Nippon over the bank where the rich golden-edge spat was visible along the coral-strewn floor of Monday Straits.

Captain Hayes, with his eight slow-footed luggers, had limped in on the heels of the yelling brown men after a forty hours' chase; but, once on the bank, the buccaneer exhibited a Mahan-like strategy in the disposition of his vessels.

From Sud Est to Whitsunday Passage the news had gone forth concerning the rich pastures of golden-edge shell lying in a fifteen-fathom gutter along the eastern hip of Monday Island. The wild rush of sails and wind-borne craft had ceased at the Thirty-Mile Reef. Judicious holders of pearling licenses had abandoned the race immediately it became known that W. H. Hayes and a Nagasaki adventurer named Sustu Ma were the leading starters.

Numerically the Japs in Torres Straits were stronger than the whites. They poached and evaded the Territorial police-boats with the celerity of New Ireland man-eaters, and there were times when they argued their honest intentions from behind a natty little machine-gun of German design and manufacture. Until now they had scientifically avoided Hayes, allowing him the benefit of seaway whenever he showed a keel on their recognised limit.

An ominous silence brooded over the rival fleets. Hayes, impatient as ever to begin operations, was loth to send his men into water while the Japs held the eastern side of the bank.

"We're both squatting on a knife-edge of shoal," he said to his men, "and there's murder in the little brown man's eye." He glanced at their half-moon formation critically, the crowded, naked shapes swarming about the decks. "They mightn't shoot our divers with a torpedo," he called out; "but there are nine other ways of killing a man under water."

After the exciting race to be first on the newly discovered pearling-ground neither fleet appeared anxious to begin work. The Japs' half-moon formation stiffened to a curveless line, while Hayes threw a pair of fighting schooners a cable's-length in advance of his small column of luggers. Both fleets remained inactive, content for a while to ride on their anchors and gloat over the new-found wealth lying on the shallow floor of the bank. Occasionally a timorous dugong showed its great head and shoulders among the coral bowers beneath the keels of the swaying vessels. The broken reefs and tide-scoured bars were alive with spider-crabs and the unnamed murenidae that infest the sea-floors west and east of the Great Barrier Reef. The swathes of violet-veined shell were clearly visible from the steps of the pearling-luggers; and the two hundred-trained divers peering down among the strange sea flowers and grasses waited for their captains to speak.

Night came with its flood of tropic stars, its far-off muttering of warm-breasted seas, of breakers thundering over parched, sun-heated stretches of beach sand. Each inlet gave out a full-throated welcome to the swift-rising thirty-foot tide. The luggers rolled and pitched; a score of riding lights winked and flashed in the windless dark. Two hundred pearl-shellers, American and British, talked incessantly under their for'd awnings. Would the Japs quit? Would they intimidate Bully Hayes, the man who had

silenced a German gun-boat only three months before in the Marquesas? How would the Shintos fight—with bows and arrows or with nickel-plated Nordenfeldts?

At midnight a boat put off from the Japanese fleet and pulled under the steps of Hayes' schooner *Aladdin*. Captain Sustu Ma clambered up the lowered gangway and saluted the buccaneer standing near the rail. The Jap captain was five feet high, and soft-footed as a panther in the matter of approaching an enemy. He carried the China war-medal on his white cotton jacket; his bare chest revealed a lemon-shaped cavity where a piece of Chinese ammunition had checked his hilarious footwork at Yalu River, yet there was a boyish frankness about his dark, flat face—the frankness of a full-fed tiger in repose.

The buccaneer regarded his arrival with a certain

harmonious caution. He glanced down at the little man's bowing figure and smiled. "You're welcome aboard my schooner, Sustu Ma," he said quietly. "I guess we both want the pearl, though."

Sustu salaamed, and his war-medal winked in the binnacle light. "I have had a very bad season, Capteen Hayes. My men are sorry that you dispute the pearl-bank. We all regret."

"Guess you've got some plan in your head for fixing up the question of ownership. Out with it, man."

"There is no plan in my head, Capteen Hayes. We have measured ten tons of pearl on the bank. I have over one hundred men in my fleet; they are homesick. They went to take this pearl-shell with them. It will not be worth much when it is divided."

"My boys are homesick, too, Sustu Ma. They've got fathers and mothers and sweethearts waiting. They've been stewing in this tropical hell-hole for years on the chance of finding a big pearl-ditch." The buccaneer shrugged his shoulders elaborately and



Sustu salaamed.

considered his half-smoked cigar. "There's going to be trouble, Sustu. My lads want to go home—those bull-necked fellows you saw lying on our booms this morning; New Plymouth men, Sustu,

beef-eaters, men you couldn't kill with shrapnel, or poison with arsenic."

The Jap remained cold and smileless as an image. He turned near the gangway and held out his sea-blackened hand. Hayes gripped it heartily; neither spoke.

The rattle of oars came back as the dory swung back to the waiting luggers. Hayes watched the stiff, squat outline vanish under the stern of a schooner-rigged vessel. The silence of unproclaimed hostilities held the night. The close-packed luggers creaked and fretted in the tideway; often when a loose block slammed against a bulwark the white men would start up, peering at the Japs' riding lights on their quarter.

Hayes made his initial mistake at dawn. Six divers belonging to the *Aladdin* were ordered to bring up samples of pearl-shell from the floor of the bank. The operation was carried out secretly and under cover of the schooner's high poop. A light mist shrouded the Japanese fleet, and the divers entered the water feeling confident that a good haul of shell would be made before the children of Nippon could raise objections. Hayes stood by the air-pumps watching the bulky, helmeted figures drop beneath the heaving keel to the sponge-pitted shoal below.

The first diver's brass-bound boot had scarcely touched the bottom when a strange thing happened. It came in a noiseless circle from the scarce visible sea-floor, a circle of wire that whipped and bunched itself into a strangling loop before the petrified onlookers could send a warning to the divers below.

A shout from Hayes, and the men at the air-pumps heaved on the life-lines. Too late! The spiral tubes were dragged and wrenched away in an inextricable tangle. A few air-blisters showed where the doomed men were struggling hopelessly on the limit of the ten-fathom bank.

A dozen hands hauled in the fouled lines until a huge, inflated shape came to the surface. The helmet was unfastened, but the dark face of the man within showed that life was extinct.

"They've looped the gutter with barbed wire!" Hayes spoke from the schooner's steps, his binoculars turned to the silent, mist-wrapped fleet.

It was evident that the buccaneer's men had fallen into a cleverly arranged trap. During the night the Japs had encircled the pearl-swathes with a coil of barbed wire, which had enmeshed with terrible certainty the six unsuspecting poachers.

No sound came from the Japanese luggers as, one by one, the lifeless divers were hauled to the deck of the schooner. Slowly the sun broke through the mist waves, allowing the rival fleets to stare at each other like falcons on the blood-scent. The Japs loafed about their fo'c'sles in gangs, stripped to their loin-cloths, alert as boys in an orchard, fearing nothing, not even the white-browed man who looked at them with lion eyes from the *Aladdin's* bridge.

He spoke once to a group of men in the waist, and they leaped forward to the canvas-cloaked Maxim gun behind the shut port. The sun blazed on their white nakedness, their illumined eyes and faces. Hayes laughed wickedly. "I guess the Shintos didn't know we had a brass band on board, boys. We'll pass along the music when you are ready."

There was no stir along the swart line of watching Japanese. The *Aladdin* seemed to drift from her holding-ground, with boom and foresail set to catch the lazy slant of wind. Like a hawk she manoeuvred, until her port bow drew in line with the slow-heaving fleet of pearl-liners.

From the nearest lugger came a low shout of warning as the look-out man spied the Maxim's steely outline. A moment or two later the shout was echoed by a hundred naked Japs peering over the rails. Hayes watched them sombrely and nodded to the mate in charge of the gun. "You'd better singe their top-hamper a bit, Billy. And remember those six lads smothered in their diving-clothes."

The Maxim's water-jackets were filled from a bucket; a snick-ing, sewing-machine noise followed, as though the mate were making sure of the lock-action.

A breathless stillness hung about the scarce-moving luggers. Myriads of sun-birds floated in under the awnings, cheeping above the smoke of the galley fires. . . . Hayes glanced down from the

bridge at the half-naked forms peering over the gun-sights. "Not too high," he said sharply, "and keep the belt moving."

A throttling, hiccuping sound followed his order; a thin, smokeless flame darted from the gun-port as the mitraille of thudding shot roared through the Japanese pearling-fleet, ploughing away the forest of masts and spars with devilish accuracy. Booms and cross-yards crashed to the decks and rails, hurling a dozen look-out men into the water.

The voice of Sustu Ma was heard above the din of falling spars. "That machine-gun will cripple us!" he called out. "Stop it . . . now!"

Small gangs of naked coolie divers appeared on the steps of the luggers; without sound or gesture they entered the water, swimming deep down along the edge of the shoal until the *Aladdin's* cable-chain was reached. Here they rose in a body under the gun-port, where Captain Hayes stood directing the Maxim's fire.

Only for a moment did the buccaneer catch sight of them as they bounded ape-like over the schooner's rail, or up the half-lowered gangway, silent as beavers, quick as wolves. They seemed to leap out of the sea's depths, shaking their matted hair as they ran, ducking right and left, across the deck. Hayes was swept aside in the first mad charge, a half-dozen diminutive shellers clinging to his heels and throat.

The few white sailors who stood beside him found themselves pinioned and cast down the open hatches, bleeding and senseless.

Like bees the men of Nippon swarmed about the smoking machine-gun. Under and over it they crawled, heaving, straining, until it broke from its lashings.

Then, before Hayes could free himself from the hold of his six puny foes, the gun was hurled through the open port into the water.

A hoarse "Banzai!" from the Japanese fleet greeted their swift action. Without a glance at the buccaneer, they vanished like acrobats over the side, swimming leisurely down the line of waiting luggers and receiving the cheers of their countrymen.

The loss of his machine-gun placed Hayes at the mercy of his numerous brown rivals.

He remained near the open port, fierce-eyed and silent, until the last jeering "Banzai!" had ended. The Japs would scour the floor of the bank, denuding it of shell and spat, and—here the thought cut him like a lash—they would use their deadly coils of barbed wire the moment one of his divers entered the water.

The little brown men lost no time in repairing the havoc wrought by the Maxim's fire. Floating booms and spars were raised from the water and jury-rigged with incredible skill. There was no confusion or signs of hurry in their movements, each lugger-captain giving his orders serenely, courteously. The night fell to the sound of hammers, interspersed with songs, as the poachers of Japan prepared their vessels to receive the harvest of golden-edge shell and black-lip pearl.

Hayes sat below in his cabin, studying his final move in a game where ordinary open fighting tactics had proved of no avail. The mutterings of his followers were heard above the slow booming of surf on the outer banks. A shrill-voiced diver, from one of the Dutch Arab Companies' boats, addressed a party of scowling shellers in the fo'c'sle.

"They're eight to one, an' they got our gun from under our noses," he said dismally. "They'll make kidney-pie of us with their oyster-openers if we try to board 'em in the dark. Hayes knows best when it comes to bluffing a crowd of Shintos. He'll speak at daybreak. Turn in, lads; get some sleep."

A boat came out of the darkness, threading its way unchallenged down the narrow lanes of pearling-craft until the huge shadow of the *Aladdin's* stern engulfed it. The drowsy-eyed look-out man noted a turbaned figure seated in the boat. He called huskily to a deck-hand near the stairhead at the moment Hayes appeared from his cabin.

The turbaned figure had fastened his painter to the gangway, and slowly, very slowly, mounted the steps. Hayes watched his ascent in narrow-eyed wonder; the man's sharp features were



The helmet was unfastened, but the dark face of the man within showed that life was extinct.

familiar to him: the halting step, the questing Asiatic eyes proclaimed him one of the leading residents of Thursday Island.

The buccaneer greeted him coldly. "You risked your life coming here, Radizar Singh," he said briefly. "What's your business?"

"I am at the Sahib's service." The turbaned head salaamed, and the binnacle light illumined his jewelled fingers and smiling teeth. "The sound of the Sahib's gun-fire reached the town this morning." He breathed in little gasps, like one unaccustomed to climbing schooners' gangways. "There is news that the Children of the Sun are holding the bank, Sahib," he added softly.

Hayes glowered upon his visitor undecidedly. "They've got their grappling-hooks in the bank, Radizar, and my gun is lying in twenty fathoms. Does the news comfort you?" he asked darkly.

"Will the Captain Sahib allow these little men the spoil? Will he attack them again?"

"There are seven of my lads nursing broken arms and legs, Radizar, and six are ready for the shotted hammock." The buccaneer stared at his visitor and laughed harshly. "Guess I'm not selling my intentions to the first coloured man that walks aboard my schooner. There might be another attack, and there mightn't."

"Only by fear will you hurt these Japanese, Captain Sahib. One of your country's battle-ships would help you."

"What would my country's battle-ships be doing hereabouts?"

some glimmering of the Hindoo's scheme was forcing itself slowly upon him.

Radizar bowed slightly and continued. "I have a film picture of the United States war-ship *Oregon* in my boat, Sahib. My cinolantern is capable of reflecting it on a thin veil of night-mist or fog. I do not require a screen. On the far sea-line it can be presented, Sahib . . . a perfect illusion. There will be no hitch."

The buccaneer listened incredulously, and then in a flash the Hindoo's cinematograph notion burst upon him, leaving him silent and very much inclined to laugh. He knew that the Japanese pearling-fleet was in hourly dread of a visit from one of the British cruisers stationed at Port Darwin. Only eight months before Sustu Ma had been caught taking undersized baby-shell from forbidden waters. The masters of his luggers had been mulcted heavily in fines, while Sustu himself had barely escaped a long term of imprisonment. . . . Hayes felt certain that the mere suggestion of a cruiser or gun-boat within the Straits of Torres would scatter the Japanese poachers over the horizon.

He glanced swiftly at the Hindoo and nodded. "This shadow trick of yours might only amuse them, Radizar," he said after a while. "Still, if you succeed you'll—"

"I shall demand half the pearl-shell, Sahib. Half," he repeated insistently, "or I go away with my machine."



Hayes was swept aside in the first mad charge.

demanding Hayes irritably. "And how would a United States cruiser help me to lift pearl from Australian waters?"

The Hindoo bared his teeth pleasantly, as though he recognised the absurdity of his own proposition. His quick-shifting eyes roved over the distant fleet, where the busy Japs were visible in the lantern-flares as they warped and busied from luff to lee in their shot-split masts and yards. The look-out man paced the *Aladdin's* bridge, halting at times to scan the apish outlines clustered about the enemy's decks. Radizar Singh bent nearer Hayes.

"Listen, Sahib. . . . I have one of your country's battle-ships in my boat. It rests with you whether the Japanese shall see it."

The buccaneer regarded him stonily, as one whose time was being steadily absorbed by a harmless imbecile. "If you're the funny man with the model in your pocket, you'd better quit. I guess we're busy enough without having to kill and bury every joker that comes aboard."

"It is no joke, Sahib. I am offering the result of my life's work—my invention, my cinograph lantern that holds the power of the mirage. I am no fool, either, Sahib."

The buccaneer glared at the man uncertainly, then relaxed like one about to explode with laughter. Radizar Singh checked him with an uplifted finger. "Sahib, I will go in peace if you will not listen." His gravity of bearing impressed Hayes—the clear, unruffled eyes beneath the dome of brow, the lean hypnotic hands, that swayed before him, like a swimmer's, from time to time.

"I beg your pardon, Radizar Singh; I don't quite grip your meaning." The words broke from Hayes suddenly, as though

"It's a bargain," smiled the buccaneer. "But there's a piece of rope for you at the yardarm," he added warningly, "if your cinematograph show makes the Shintos laugh. It's got to act like a five-inch shell."

Instructing the masters of his vessels to watch proceedings, Hayes, under cover of the indriving mist, slipped the *Aladdin* from her moorings, and with boom and foresail set, rounded the northern limit of the bank about a mile from the nearest Japanese pearler. Radizar climbed to the schooner's bridge, carrying a large camera-shaped instrument and tripod under his arm.

The riding lights of the enemy's luggers glowed palely through the sea-haze. One by one they faded as the hot night drew the dense vapours from the Queensland coast. Radizar Singh adjusted his instrument on the tripod, then set in motion a gasoline-fed radiator behind the square-face lens, muttering inaudibly the while. From time to time he focussed and readjusted his mysterious contrivance with the skill of a biograph-operator, without a glance at the stern-jawed captain watching him from the wheel-house.

Then a thin splinter of light pricked the sea-haze suddenly and vanished. Ten seconds later it stabbed the low, ti-tree-covered hills that lay a mile or so beyond the anchored fleet of Japanese pearlers. For a minute and a half the diamond ray of light quivered across the swart hulls and rigging of the luggers with merciless persistence. Every rope and spar was clearly outlined; the dark faces of the Japanese look-out men were caught in that flinching beam of light before darkness fell again.

The Hindoo straightened his narrow shoulders, breathed sharply as he refocussed his throbbing light-generators, and glanced covertly

at Hayes. "We have them, Sahib," he half-whispered, "these little Children of the Sun, who know so much of European science and Indian Jadoo. Watch . . . Sahib."

At the second flash of light the Japs had tumbled from their hammocks in petrified groups. Sustu Ma quieted them from the poop of his watchful lugger. "It is some big ship passing south," he called out. "Some of them carry searchlights. She will soon be gone."

He turned again to the mist-shrouded horizon, and almost leaped from the bridge. It came from the Pacific side of the Straits, a crawling foot by foot towards the Bank, its turreted outline growing sharper each moment. Once or twice it seemed to pause, and its great barbettes and slim-throated guns loomed Titanesque through the fog, like some huge monster in search of prey. A signal winked and throbbed from its conning-tower, and again the tropic darkness masked its steel casemates and batteries.

Sustu Ma leaped from his post of observation, yelled an order to the pack of cowering shapes around him. "We shall have to explain the barbed wire and those six fool divers," he snarled. "We are in a trap. Let us get out!"

The dawn came an hour later and illumined the heels of the fast departing poacher-fleet as they scattered in a wind-blown string towards the Arafura Sea. Captain Hayes, watching from the *Aladdin's* wheel-house, laughed uncertainly and joined the Hindoo stooping over his smoking machine.

"The Sahib believes now?" Radizar glanced at him questioningly. "Even the little gun-shields could be seen," he added with a touch of satisfaction in his voice. "That signal you saw cost me much labour and knowledge. It is done with a bull's-eye radiator, Sahib."

"Guess it would have deceived the British Sea Lords," admitted the buccaneer. "It will be safer, though, if we can shadow them with your picture battle-ship for another night or so. If we don't they'll be back on the bank in a couple of days, cheeky as hawks." An hour later Hayes returned to his pearling fleet in a whale-boat, leaving the schooner *Aladdin* in charge of the mate Howe. It was arranged that the schooner should follow closely in the track of the departing Japanese, to enable Radizar Singh to exhibit his battle-ship if they attempted to return after nightfall.

The moment Hayes reached the bank orders were given to begin work at once. Thirty divers descended to the shell-strewn floor, and throughout the long hot day a harvest of golden-edge and black-lip pearl was gathered from the coral-flanked gutters of the Straits. From time to time the divers came to the surface and reported fresh discoveries of pearl. Hayes watched the helmeted shapes groping over the beds of sponge where the black trepang lay like growths of cucumber under the reefs. Here and there the blue-green depths shivered and quaked where the livid shadow of a shark fled from the gargantuan heads of the working divers.

Night found the lugger crews resting from their superhuman labours. Men, with their hot rubber dresses flung aside, lay in grotesque attitudes about the decks. Piles of close-stacked shell were everywhere; visible; beautiful violet-veined pearl that gleamed iridescent as opal in the faint moon-rays. The buccaneer surveyed the scattered luggers good-humouredly, noting how the larger vessels clung to the twenty-fathom gutters, where the rich spat lay in a silver zone all along the bank. Towards midnight, one of the windmost luggers made frantic signals to the others. Hayes caught a hurried word flung along the line, and glanced across the Straits. The Japanese fleet were returning.

Over the knife-edge of skyline they came, wings outspread like eagles swooping to the feast. There was no gap in their magnificent front; strung out nearly a mile in length, they manoeuvred in a faultless column towards the northern limit of the reef.

Behind, limping under stress of sail, staggered the *Aladdin*, heavy-footed, outpaced. Hayes glowered for a moment as he walked aft among the American and British divers. "The game's up, my lads," he said quietly. "The Shintos are a size too big in guns and ships. There's going to be a row."

The Japs came to their old moorings with brilliant displays of seamanship and fighting tactics. Sustu Ma, at the head of the insweeping column, spoke through his trumpet, and his voice reached the smallest lugger on the bank.

"We forgive you the joke, Capteen Hayes, for the children of Nippon know when to laugh."

The answer came from the heavy-browed white man manoeuvring his narrow-winged little pearling squadron. "We made no charge for the show, Sustu. And nobody asked you to run away."

A low, smothered laugh went up from both fleets, a laugh that meant murder or peace to the little knot of white men crowding the narrow fo'c's'les. When Sustu again spoke a great silence fell upon the crowd of vessels.

"White men, we are willing to share this pearl with you. These men of mine have wives to feed at home—wives and little babies, O Capteen Hayes. Blood has been spilt already . . . and my men are very sorry. What do you say?"

The silence sharpened and grew hot about the ears of the listening white men until their Captain spoke. "Sustu Ma, there's a bottle of wine in my state-room if you will come aboard. There's more pearl in this coral-trough than we can both comfortably swallow."

A hoarse cheer from both fleets greeted the answer. The rattle of chains followed as the Japs' anchors thundered to the sea-

floor. Then out of the jungle of schooners and close-moored craft came a dinghy bearing the trembling Radizar Singh. Mounting the gangway, he stood shamefaced before Hayes.

"There was a mishap, Captain Sahib. We followed the enemy until the second night—followed them to their hiding-place at Emu Bay. We could see that they were preparing to return to the bank, and the mate Howe begged me to show my battle-ship once more. It would drive them beyond Port Darwin, he said. So . . . I arranged my instrument and projected my light across the bay, Sahib. Alas! never before has—"

"Go on!" thundered the buccaneer. "They're laughing at the show even yet. Hear them!"

Radizar Singh bent almost to the deck. "Never before has

the thing happened. Carefully and exactly did I adjust the lamp and the films, knowing that a hundred Japanese eyes would follow the light. With my own hands, Sahib, the films were adjusted, and, behold, the terrible battle-ship, with the four six-inch guns and batteries, steamed across the bay—upside down!"

"Bungler!"

Hayes controlled his

laughter and turned to greet Sustu Ma as the dory appeared under the gangway.

All night the rival fleets squatted in peace over the rich shell-swathes, while down in a schooner's trim little state-room the two Captains pledged each other in a bottle of cool red wine.

One by one the weary lugger masters turned in to snatch an hour's sleep before dawn. The babel of voices ceased along the heaving lines of riding lamps. A fish leaped from the phosphorescent dark, smearing the shallows with silver blades of light. Anon, the sea woke, drowsing the ear with its low thunder as the tide raced over the hips of the great pearl-bank.

THE END.



Radizar Singh adjusted his instrument on the tripod.



The two Captains pledged each other in a bottle of cool red wine.

The Day: the Germans Come — and are "Terror"-ised.

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND—FROM THE BRITISH SIDE.



THE HOISTING OF THE HOSTAGE: SILENCING A GERMAN GUN ON THE HEIGHTS OF PONTYPRIDD.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

The Day: the Germans Come — and are “Terror”-ised.

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND—FROM THE BRITISH SIDE.



UH-LAND! CAPTURING UHLANS IN THE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, WITH THE KIND CO-OPERATION OF THE SPIKED HELMETS OF THE FOE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

The Day: the Germans Come — and are "Terror"-ised.

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND—FROM THE BRITISH SIDE.



GATHER YE LILIES WHILE YE MAY: DISGUISED TERRITORIALS IN THE GERMAN CAMP
AT THE WELSH HARP, HENDON.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

The Day: the Germans Come — and are "Terror"-ised.

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND—FROM THE BRITISH SIDE.



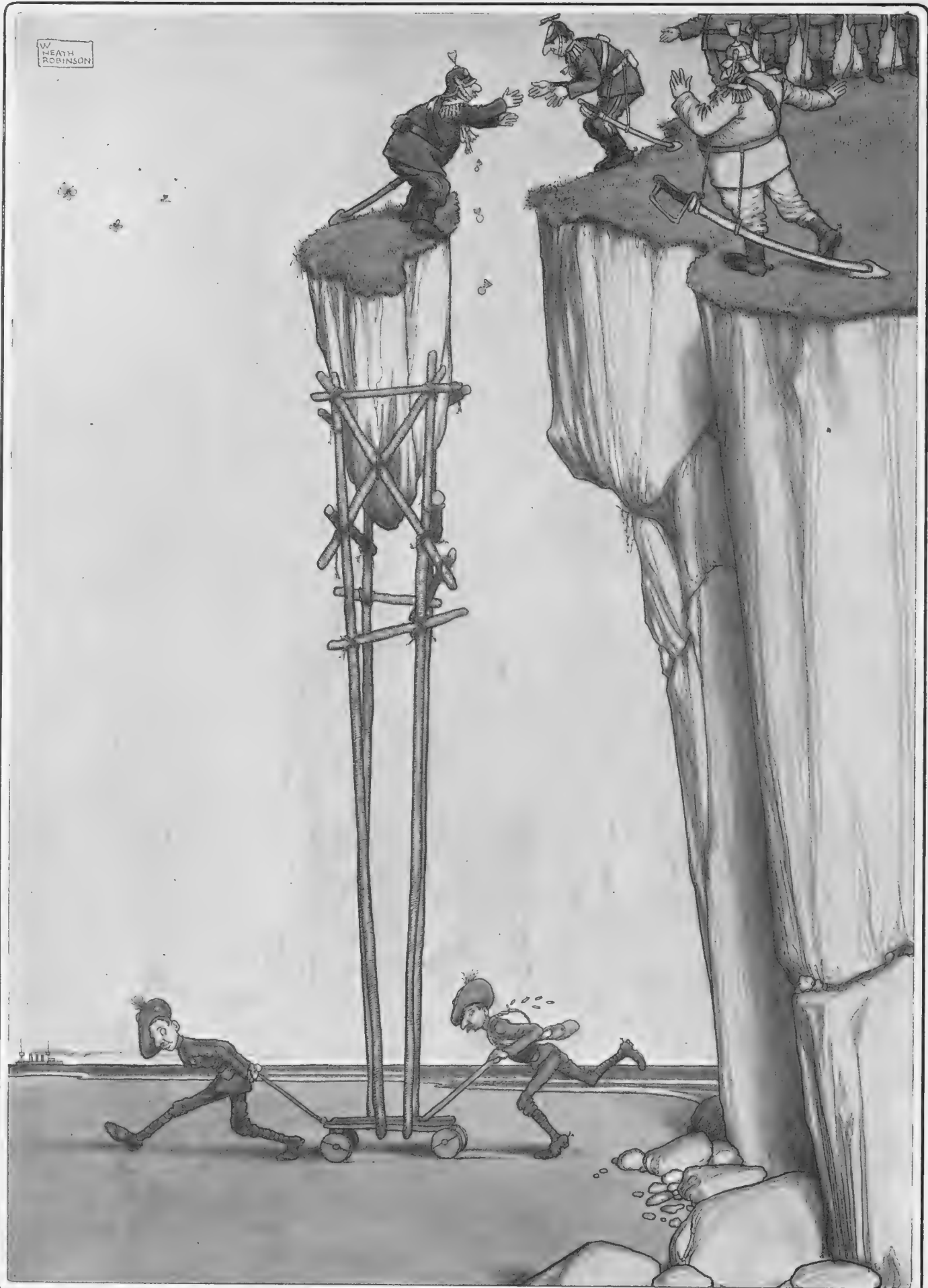
WEIGHT AND DO NOT SEE: TERRITORIALS ELUDING THE VIGILANCE OF GERMAN SENTRIES
ON THE WASTES OF WIMBLEDON COMMON.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

D

The Day: the Germans Come — and are “Terror”-ised.

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND—FROM THE BRITISH SIDE.



“FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL OUR GREATNESS”: A GERMAN OFFICER IS REMOVED FROM THE SPHERE OF ACTION ON A DETACHABLE CLIFF-EDGE NEAR HOVE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



The Seeker of Wisdom

by J. Sackville Martin

Illustrated by René Bull

IN the village of El Tebir there dwelt once the son of a camel-driver whose name was Abdulla. At his father's death—occasioned by a kick from one of the beasts whom he had incautiously tried to prod

from too near a distance—he came into his possessions. It was no inconsiderable fortune, consisting as it did of one camel with two humps, one camel with one, a third with the mange, and three gold pieces. Abdulla was not minded to drive camels. Moreover, he was of the opinion that the beasts looked like dying. He sold them, therefore, to a merchant for seven pieces of gold; so that in the end he had ten gold pieces.

Praising Allah, he considered his next step.

"What is more great, more excellent than wisdom?" he asked himself—"and what better investment for my money? I will hire me to the three hermits of El Zeb, the desert which stretches far to the east. And I will sit at their feet and learn the lesson which they will teach me. And when I have learned their lessons and have gained great wisdom, I will return here. And being wiser than any in the village, I will surely skin them of all that they possess. Praise to Allah for his good thought!"

Now the hermits of El Zeb were wiser than any in the world. But they dwelt far in the desert, and few had reached them.

Abdulla parched a bag of corn, hired a mule to carry it, and set forth upon his journey. The sun shone hotly, the sand arose in whirls about him, his tongue curled like a dry leaf in his mouth, and his eyes smarted like a soul in Gehenna. Nevertheless he persevered, seeking water where he thought it likely he should find it, and cursing the mirage where he was mistaken. Until at length he came to an oasis where dwelt the first hermit of El Zeb.

The first hermit of El Zeb was a very ancient man. He sat at the door of his hut beneath the shade of date-palms, by the side of a rippling stream, which served him for drink and aided his meditations. It was evident from his appearance that he knew of no other use for it. Naked, save for a scanty loin-cloth, his body was covered with long hair, giving him the appearance of a bundle of precious carpets, such as Abdulla had seen in the Damascus bazaars. His eyes were owlish and blind, and he blinked at Abdulla in the sunlight. Abdulla salaamed before him.

"Who is there?" asked the hermit.

"O Fountain of Wisdom, it is I, Abdulla," replied Abdulla with profound respect. "I am a son of a worthy man, a driver of camels in the village of El Tebir. But truly he is dead. Wherefore I am possessed of ten pieces of gold, and am come forth into the desert to learn wisdom. Hast thou any instruction for me therefore, O Wonder of Learning?"

The holy hermit scratched himself thoughtfully.

"Come hither, Abdulla, son of a camel—of a driver of camels," he said, "and sit by my side. And presently I will impart to you a lesson."

Greatly delighted at the good man's condescension, Abdulla sat beside him upon the warm sand. The hermit passed an arm about his neck and embraced him.

"O young man, wise before thy time," he said, "thou hast already learnt what is of more value than anything else in the world. And thou hast come to the right spot to gain it." He slid his arm downwards about Abdulla's waist. "And behold," he continued, "I am so charmed with thy design, and with thy humility, and with thy conversation, that I will bestow upon thee a small present." He groped with his other hand in the sand near him and drew forth a small phial. "Behold, here it is," he said, presenting it to the enraptured Abdulla. "It contains wine made from the dates of this oasis. I give it thee."



Abdulla salaamed before him.

"Wine!" cried Abdulla, somewhat shocked. "Is it not forbidden by the Prophet?"

"Not this wine," answered the hermit placidly. "It was not made in the Prophet's time, and he knew naught of it. Else he would have revised his decision. The flask is yours, my son. Keep it and drink of it in thine utmost need."

Abdulla took the precious flask.

"And now," said the hermit, "you seek my brethren further in the desert, and life is short for the acquiring of wisdom. Therefore, I will at once impart to thee my lesson, and afterwards speed thee upon thy way."

He raised his hand solemnly.

"Covet not riches, my son, nor seek to possess them," he said.

Abdulla rose to his feet. He bent to the ground in gratitude. Then he lifted up his blistered feet and departed out of that place.

"Covet not riches," he said to himself over and over again. "I must not forget. Covet not riches."

For ten weary miles he went on. "Covet not riches," he repeated, "nor seek to possess—"

His jaw fell. He clapped his hand to his side. His purse and his ten gold pieces were gone.

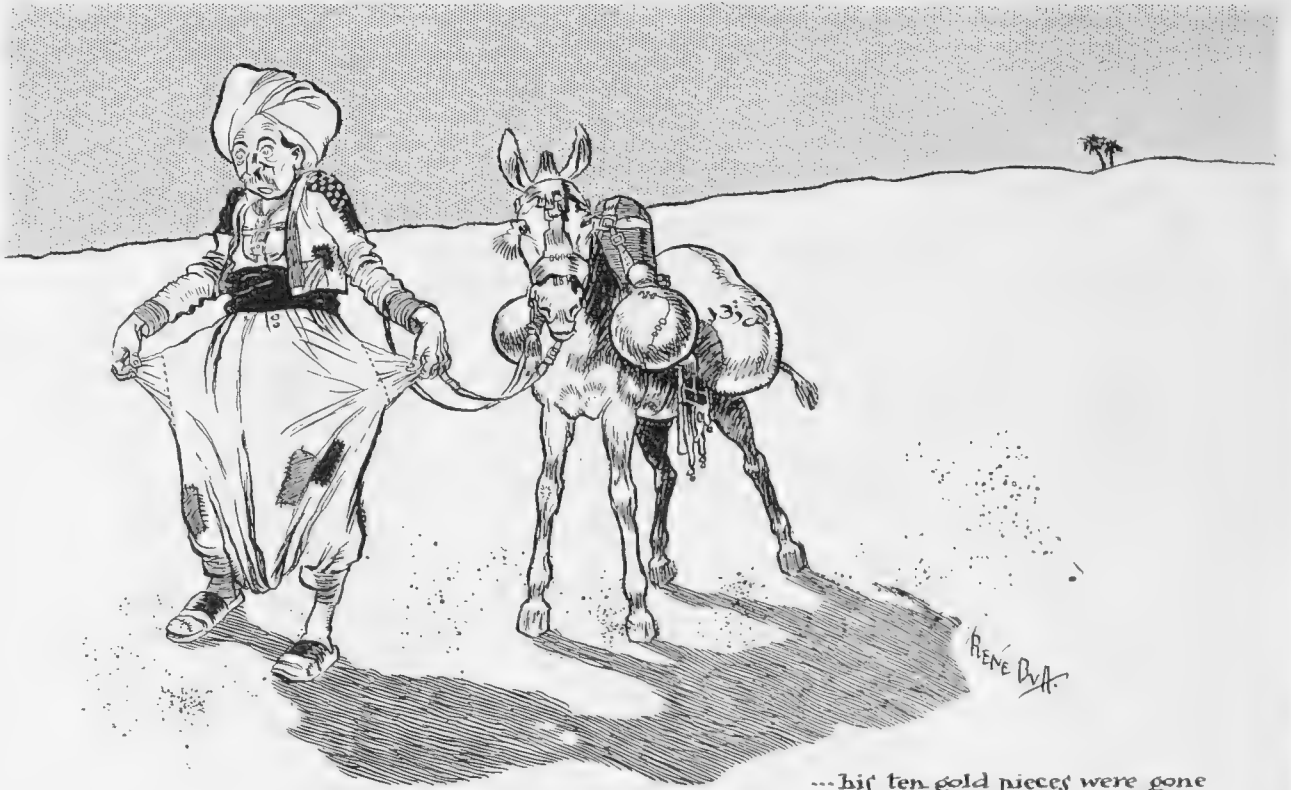
It is impossible to describe the confusion into which Abdulla was thrown by this discovery. His first thought was to retrace his steps across the desert, seize the hermit by the hair, and drag him about the oasis until he expired. But he had travelled far and was weary. It was already past midday. To go back ten miles was impossible. And he knew himself not far from the spot where the second hermit dwelt. He was also possessed with a raging thirst, and looked longingly at the bottle. But he shook his head resolutely.

"The holy man said I was to drink this at my utmost need," he reflected. "I am not yet come to that."

Dragging the laden mule behind him, he stumbled on until, through sheer inadvertence, he fell into a pit dugged in the sand.

At the bottom of the pit the second hermit of the desert grappled with him.

The second hermit of El Zeb was even older than the first. His beard fell in a fan-like shape down to his middle. His fingers were



---his ten gold pieces were gone

skinny and strong and his nails pressed into Abdulla's flesh. The young man shrieked aloud.

"Holy man," he cried, "do me no harm. I have sought thee for days. Behold, I am a young man in search of wisdom. And I am come into the desert to learn it of thee. This morning I would have said that I had ten gold pieces wherewith to pay for it. But the first holy man that I met robbed me of it, giving me in exchange this little flask filled with rare wine, fit for the drinking of the Prophet. Teach me wisdom, therefore, of your charity."

The second hermit removed one hand from Abdulla's throat. With it he seized the precious flask and drained it dry.

"Praise be to Allah!" he said, wiping his beard with the back of his hand. "Rise, my son, and learn the lesson I would teach you."

Abdulla rose resentfully. He picked up the flask which the hermit had cast aside, and turned it upside down. Not a drop was left.

"Drink no wine," said the hermit—"that is the true wisdom. Doth not the Prophet enjoin it? Go on, my son, upon your journey, and keep in memory my precept. Drink no wine."

"In truth," said Abdulla to himself, as he set forth again, "I am little likely to have the chance. And the way of wisdom is hard. Nevertheless, I will treasure his words. For to what other end did I come forth?"

The sun was now low in the western sky, casting purple gleams upon his shoulders. Once he faltered; but the mule bit him, and he moved on. At nightfall he came to a heap of rocks surrounding a cave. It was the residence of the third hermit. Tethering his mule, he went forward; and at the entrance to the cave he was charmed to perceive a young female—a moon-faced gazelle—of such rare beauty that she almost took his breath away.

Abdulla accosted her.

"O moon-faced one!" he cried, "O Dream of Delight! O Hour of Paradise! Doth thy master, the third hermit of El Zeb, live here?"

The damsel looked at him coyly and giggled. For in truth he was good to look upon.

"Surely," she replied, "he is in the cave. If thou dost wish to see him I will take thee to him."

"One moment," said Abdulla, "one brief moment. Tarry a little yet. I have somewhat to say to thee."

He placed his arm about her waist. She did not draw back. Abdulla was more than charmed with her demeanour. He kissed her on the lips, after a manner he had seen practised among the Franks, and clipped her closely to his side.

"Thine eyes," he said, "are as the stars of night above the desert. Thy mouth is of coral. Thy form, that of the dream-maidens of Paradise."



seized the precious flask and drained it dry

But what dost thou here in the desert? What should one like thee do dwelling with a hermit?"

"Wherefore should I not?" she said coyly, "seeing that I am his wife?"

"His wife!" cried the astonished Abdulla. "A hermit with a wife! Is the holy man then young?"

"Nay," she answered, "he is old, but he is very wise."

"It was in search of wisdom that I came," cried Abdulla rapturously, "and, lo! I have found thee!"

A yell of rage from the cave startled him. He withdrew his arm from the waist of the moon-faced gazelle and turned hurriedly. The third hermit stood before him. He was older than the other two, but his figure was upright and sinewy, and his arms like whipcord. His head was bald, and his eyes bright and fierce as those of a vulture. Abdulla bowed before him.

"Holy Sir," he said tremulously, "I am a young man, a

seeker of wisdom. And I am come forth into the desert to learn it. This morning I had gold which I might have offered in exchange. And this afternoon I had wine which might have served for thy refreshment. But both wine and gold are gone. I can but beg of you a lesson. And I was but now inquiring of this hour of thine how I might best approach thee."

The hermit turned to the cave and made a sign. Two Nubian slaves came forth, bearing whips. They seized Abdulla as he covered upon the sand. Then the hermit spoke.

"A lesson, my son?" he said. "Truly, my poor wisdom is at your service. And the lesson I would impart to thee is this—have thou nothing to do with women. They are faithless all. Have no dalliance with them, nor bring them in at thy door. And lest you should forget this my precept, my servants here will impress it upon you."

The Nubians beat Abdulla. They beat him as they might have beaten carpets. . . .

A week later Abdulla, a woeful figure, crawled into the village of El Tebir. The crowd of men and women in the gate looked at him, astonished. "Is not this Abdulla, the camel-driver's son?" they asked one of another.

Abdulla straightened himself with an attempt at pride.

"Truly I am Abdulla," he said. "And I have been into the desert and have learnt all the wisdom of the hermits of El Zeb. All that they could teach me have I learnt."

The crowd clustered about him.

"What have they taught thee, Abdulla?" they asked.

"To covet no riches," said Abdulla.

"Aie, aie!" cried the crowd.

"To drink no wine," said Abdulla.

"Aie, aie!" cried the women. But the men were silent.

"And to have naught to do with women," said Abdulla.

"Aie, aie!" cried the men. But the women broke into fierce clamour.

"Kill him!" they

cried. "Kill the blasphemer! Hath not the Prophet himself appointed four wives to each true believer?"

And the men drew together.

"He hath learnt the wisdom of El Zeb," they said. "He is wiser than us all. He will shame us by his life. It were indeed better to kill him."

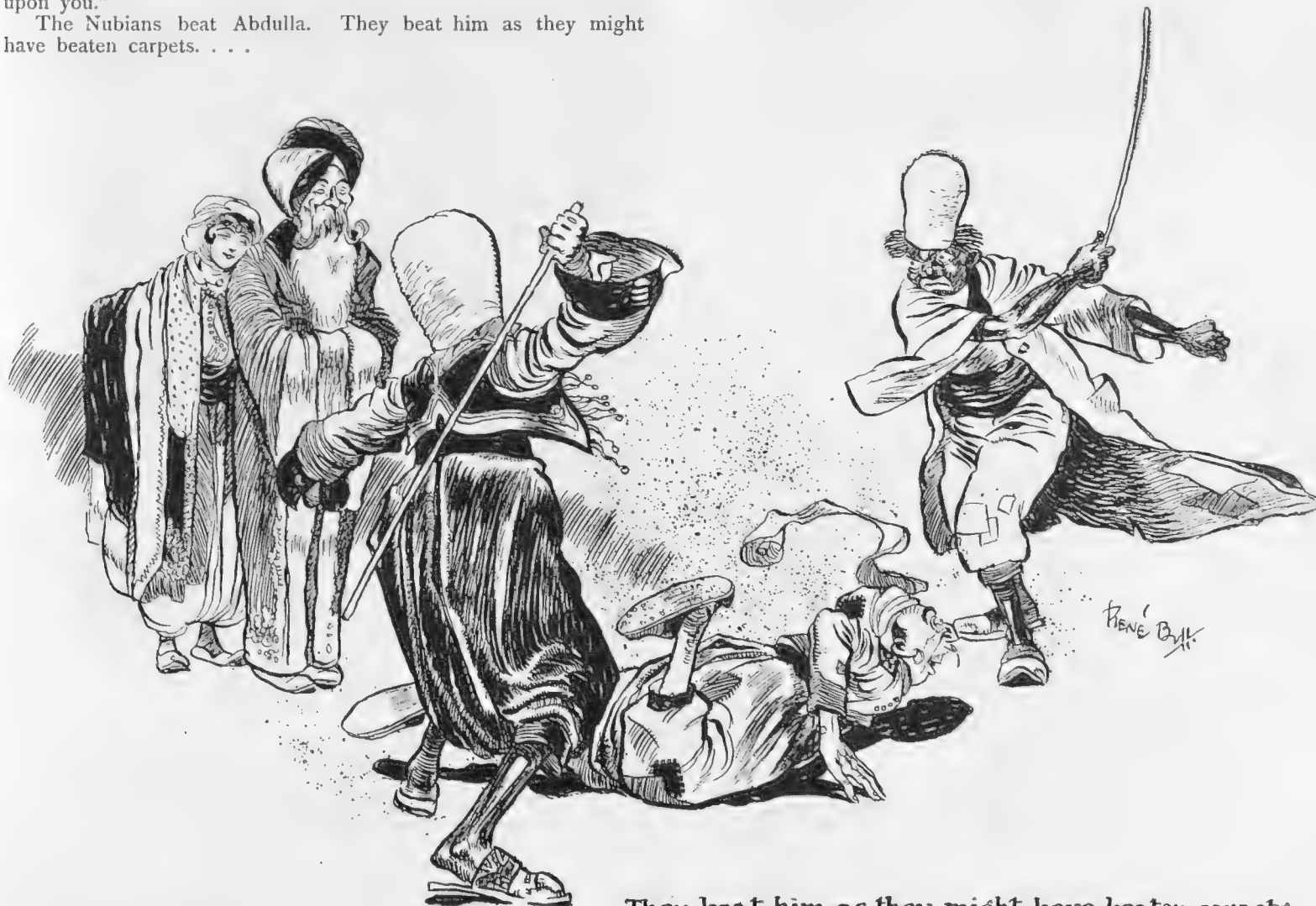
So both men and women fell upon Abdulla. They beat him with sticks and stoned him in the gate. And in the evening he lay there a corpse.

But the men buried him thoughtfully.

"Behold!" they said. "Here was Abdulla, who had three camels, and who departed from this village with ten pieces of gold. And he lies here now with not even life to call his own. We did wrong to kill him. He was but a fool after all."



Abdulla accosted her.



They beat him as they might have beaten carpets.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THREE OXFORD AMATEURS WHO ARE ACTORS OF NOTE; AND TWO OTHERS.*

OXFORD has taught numbers of her sons to wear the sock or the buskin, professionally or as amateurs. That is good. She has been a potent factor in the movement that has proved to the world at large that the actor of to-day is not as were the "rogues and vagabonds" who were his Majesty's servants in other days. That is better. The prejudiced may still rail against the stage, the ignorant ignore it, the unco' guid abhor it: the player has come into his own as a member of society who is engaged in an honourable undertaking. That time is past in which any aitchless mountebank who could strut the barn, paint the face,

a charity performance at Abingdon, as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," as Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, in "King Henry IV.," as Feste, the Clown, in "Twelfth Night," as Death in "Alceste," Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and as Marcus Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," his last performance at Oxford. It was when he was playing Falstaff, at Whitham, that he was the victim of a practical joke in the shape of one of the old family chairs. "This chair, when sat on, promptly enclosed the occupant as in a vice, the only escape being through the pressure of a secret spring. Some genius bethought himself of substituting this Whitham chair for Falstaff's customary seat. The result, writes Nugent, was "imprisonment of Falstaff, terrible language, and ringing down of the curtain in the middle of the scene to extricate him from his sorry plight."

Of Mr. H. B. Irving Mr. Mackinnon has several notes. Henry Irving junior, as he was known in those days, made his theatrical début at the University in the production of "Julius Cæsar" that ended Mr. Bouchier's dramatic career there, playing Decius Brutus. His most notable subsequent appearance was, perhaps, when he acted Strafford in Browning's play of that name. It was of this that a critic wrote: "It may seem an anticlimax, but the last thought concerning this remarkable performance is inevitably one of regret that Mr. Irving should refuse to enter a profession in which his father is so splendidly distinguished; for the wig and gown of the barrister will cover, we make bold to say, an actor of absolute greatness."

Then there is Mr. E. Holman Clark, who met with much success in such parts as Owen Glendower in "King Henry IV.," Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," Dr. Caius in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," John Pym in "Strafford."

In association with these may be mentioned the versatile Mr. Paul Rubens, whose "jingles," in particular, are as popular as they are pleasing. Mr. Rubens was first seen as active member of the O.U.D.S. in the character of the Duke of Milan, and appeared



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH AFTER GREUZE GIVEN ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER: "FIDELITY."

Photograph by Mansell and Co.

swagger in costume, cant, rant, or grin grotesquely, could seek and win applause. Knowledge must be behind art, inspire it and make it live, no thing of tawdry, evil patches. The player himself has created the revolution; and who shall say that our two great Universities have not been, to a great extent, the powers behind the revolution? For years, it is true, they helped unwillingly, almost unwittingly, certainly unofficially. Those who were pastors and masters did not look with favour upon those whose talents found part expression on what they believed in their pedantry to be the wrong side of the footlights. Authorities were defied; enthusiasts acted; dons were indignant; then (to deal with Oxford alone) the Oxford University Philothespian Club, out of which sprang the O.U.D.S., was recognised.

Of those intimately associated with the theatrical aspect of Oxford, Mr. Alan Mackinnon has much to say. If we deal with but three Oxford amateurs who are actors of note, with one who has won fame as cricketer and writer, and with another whose work is known to all interested in music of the lighter kind, it must be understood that lack of space is responsible, not lack of recognition. First, then, comes Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who was the first acting-manager of the O.U.D.S., and, with James Adderley and Alan Mackinnon, was chiefly responsible for its foundation, in 1884. Even while at Eton, Mr. Bouchier "would astonish 'my Dame' (the Rev. Thomas Dalton); especially when, in the famous scene in 'Still Waters Run Deep,' he persisted in defying all school regulations by smoking a cigar to the bitter end." When leader of the Opposition to the O.U.P.C. he was in his first term, "in all his tall slenderness and breeziness." Before long he was playing Sir John Vesey, in "Money," to the Georgina of Lord Wolverton, then "Freddie Glyn." Other occasions saw him as the Earl of Rochester in "Charles II.," as Babbicombe in "Little Tiddiekins," which he played in



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH AFTER GREUZE GIVEN ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER: "THE GIRL WITH DOVES."

Photograph by Mansell and Co.

also as the Duke in "The Merchant of Venice," as Shallow, and as Cleon in "The Knights" of Aristophanes.

To be named, too, if only for his delivery of half-a-dozen words in "The Merchant," is Mr. C. B. Fry, who, writing to Mr. Mackinnon of his achievement, says: "I was persuaded to impersonate the Prince of Morocco in 'The Merchant of Venice.' I do not think I was much of an actor, but I believe I distinguished myself by the style and emphasis with which I remarked, 'Oh, Hell—what have we here?'"

*"The Oxford Amateurs." By Alan Mackinnon, (Chapman and Hall, 16s. net.)

When Hearts are Trumps.



"HERE'S MY HAND."

"AND MINE, WITH MY HEART IN 'T."—SHAKESPEARE.

Photograph of Miss Madeline Seymour by the Dover Street Studios.

A PHOTOGRAPH AFTER GREUZE.



“Fidelity.”

HER EYES IN LIQUID LIGHT LUXURIOUS SWIM
AND LANGUISH WITH UNUTTERABLE LOVE.—BEATTIE.

Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.

A PHOTOGRAPH AFTER GREUZE.



. "The Girl with Doves." .

THE FLEETEST, FAIREST CHARM
OF FLOWERS, AND STARS, AND SEASONS HAS SHE CAUGHT.—SLADEN.

"Photograph by S. Elwin Neame."

The Lady of Japan—The Ideal.

ACT

THOU HAST NO FAULTS, OR I NO FAULTS CAN SPY,
THOU ART ALL BEAUTY, OR ALL BLINDNESS I.—CHRISTOPHER CODRINGTON.

Photograph of Miss Pauline Chase by Bassano.

The Lady of Japan—The Real.



TO ME MORE DEAR, CONGENIAL TO MY HEART,
ONE NATIVE CHARM, THAN ALL THE GLOSS OF ART.—GOLDSMITH.

Photograph by Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., from his book, "In Lotus Land—Japan," published by Messrs. Macmillan.

READY FOR A LOVE SET.



SHE IS LIKE A SUMMER EVE,
ROSY-CHEEKED AND FAIR.

WHICH THE SINKING SUNSHAFTS LEAVE,
WREATHED WITH GOLDEN HAIR.—DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Photograph of Miss Gladys Cooper by Rita Martin.

THE BATH OF PSYCHE.



SHE WAS A FORM OF LIFE AND LIGHT,
THAT, SEEN, BECAME A PART OF SIGHT;

AND ROSE, WHERE'ER I TURN'D MY EYE,
THE MORNING STAR OF MEMORY.—BYRON.

Photograph by E. Schneider.

A Beauty of the Days of our Grandmothers.

WHITE HER SKIN AS MOUNTAIN SNOW,
IN HER CHEEK THE ROSÉS BLOW.

AND HER EYE IS BRIGHTER FAR
THAN THE BEAMY MORNING STAR.

—AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. LÉANDRE.

A Beauty of To-Day.



'TIS WOMAN THAT SEDUCES ALL MANKIND;
BY HER WE FIRST WERE TAUGHT THE WHEELING ARTS.—Gay.

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. LEANDRE.

"SWEET, WILD, AND ARTLESS ALL."



OF "THE GIPSIES BROWN IN SUMMER GLADES WHO BASK."

Photograph by Dr. Latham.

VERY WOMAN.



BRIGHT AS THE SUNBEAM, AS THE MORNING FAIR, | IF BUT THY FOOT FALL ON A WILDERNESS,
FLOW'RS SPRING, AND SHED THEIR ROSEATE BLOSSOMS THERE.—BIRD.

Photograph of Mlle. Lantelme by Bert; setting S. Elwin Neame.

The Child of the Stream.

IN A SILENT SHADE,
AS SAFE AND SACRED FROM THE STEPS OF MAN
AS AN INVISIBLE WORLD.—COLERIDGE.

Photograph by Kate Smith.

The Child of the Forest.



BREEZES PLAYED, AND SUNSHINE GLEAMED—
THE FOREST TO EMBOLDEN;

REDDENED THE FIERY HUES, AND SHOT
TRANSPARENCE THROUGH THE GOLDEN.

—WORDSWORTH.

Photograph by Kate Smith.

"CHARMING WOMAN CAN TRUE CONVERTS MAKE."



Mlle. Tamara Karsavina.

O WOMAN! WOMAN! THOU ART FORM'D TO BLESS | THE HEART OF RESTLESS MAN, TO CHASE HIS CARE,
AND CHARM EXISTENCE BY THY LOVELINESS.—BIRD.

PENSIVE BEAUTY.



"LOST IN UNCONSCIOUS REVERIE."

Photograph of Miss Phyllis Barker by Rita Martin.

Sparkling Burgundy.



"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM."

DRAWN BY JOHN CECIL CLAY.

WIND

BY AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.
Illustrated by Dudley Hardy.

RACHEL stood at the cottage door and watched her son move down the path. He walked stiffly and uncouthly, for he felt her glance upon him, and he was wearing his Sunday clothes. He had forgotten to oil his dark hair, and it bunched out richly, setting his cap awry. A sprig of southernwood nodded in his buttonhole. "A rose or a daffodilly would have caught a girl's eye better," thought Rachel. She wondered why he had chosen the green sprig.

A sudden gust of wind caught her skirts, whirled them and shook them till they stood out like the petals of a flower. Rachel spread out her hands to push them down. She saw Aubrey's cap fly off, and watched him race, forgetting his Sunday clothes, in pursuit. He was lost in the green of the lane and Rachel sighed and turned. "I'm glad he's going to ask Felicity at last," she said, voicing her thoughts aloud. "They'll settle down together real well. That wild young thing at the Marsh House set her cap at him. Once I feared. . . . But Aubrey's too sensible. Still—I'm glad."

She entered the cottage, and the door slammed behind her. It was a windy day.

Aubrey was racing, his dark locks blowing out, across the stony path of the Home Meadow. He had found his cap; it hung from one hand, but having once run with the wind, his inclination was still to run. Each roaring gust was sweet with the scent of the trees; it stung his ears and blew him along as if he were a leaf. His blood sang, his body thrilled, his cheeks blazed red.

The wicket-gate at the other side of the meadow was scarcely a yard from him, when suddenly the young man turned. He stood for a moment irresolute, facing the wind, then clapt his cap under his arm and started to rush madly back the way he had come.

The wind buffeted him: it was his enemy now, not his friend. He struggled with it, bracing himself. A cry broke from him. It was as if the wind accused him, and he defended himself: "I can't help it! I can't help it! I'd rather have her than Felicity!"

At the meadow-opening, he chose without hesitation the road opposite that which led to his mother's cottage, and ran on. When he reached the little spinney, full of budding larches, he ran faster. The Marsh house, lonely and neglected, stood beyond the spinney. He raced up the path and knocked with his knuckles on the door. His breath broke from him in quick gasps.

It had time to quieten, for his summons met with no response. The youth waited, then knocked again. Again there was silence. The wind came soughing round the Marsh House. There were gleams of gold from a bright sun.

Aubrey pushed the rickety door open and went into the house. The first room into which he looked was empty; the second held a girl, who sat brooding by an empty grate, her chin on her palm.

The young man's boldness left him, and he stood abashed. A redness came into his face which was not that of the wind. The girl turned and stared at him with wide grey eyes. "Was it you that were knocking?" she asked.

His colour grew deeper. "Yes," he said.

"I did not answer. You should not have come in," said she.

He braced himself. "Why did you not answer?"

The girl laughed contemptuously. "Because I knew nobody could be waiting there whom I would wish to see."

He had had many a speech of the same cruel unkindness from her, and, as it had done many a time before, his heart grew hot. He fingered his cap. He would go. He told himself that he would go, and without another word. But, oh! the queer grace of her turned body as she sat, twisted sideways, staring at him! No other girl in the village could sit like that—not Felicity. . . . The smile at the corners of her lips lured him, even while it mocked.

The youth advanced a step, clumsily. He took the southernwood from his buttonhole. "Take it," he said, holding out the sprig.

She took it, smelt it with a kind of passion, and laid it upon her knee.

"It is like you," he said, nodding at it.

The girl looked at him curiously. "Why were you wearing it—and your best clothes? You have a clean handkerchief, too!" Her voice dropped into contempt.

He moved again, nearing her. His slow, heavy face was troubled.

She did not repeat her question, having apparently lost all interest in him; but he answered it, "I am going—my mother has sent me—to ask Felicity to marry me."

She laughed carelessly, turning the southernwood between her fingers. "Well, why don't you go?"

Aubrey paused, and a gust of wind shook the house. The girl turned her head to listen. The movement had about it the grace of a creature of the woods. The man listened, too. He said indistinctly, "I would rather marry you."

She looked at him, and broke into a hearty laugh. For a moment he thought she had not understood, then he knew that she had. "Marry me! Marry me! You would rather, would you? My poor Aubrey, you



Watched her son move down the path.

are deluding yourself. Let me tell you, you would much rather not marry me."

"I want to marry you," he said stubbornly.

He thought she would never stop laughing, but she did at last, quite suddenly. Leaning towards him, she asked him in a grave tone, "What have you to offer me?"

The question was to him a welcome one, affording—or so he imagined—a level on which they could meet. He was still standing, and she did not invite him to seat himself. He said, his eyes on the floor, as if adding up the sum of his possessions. "There is the farm, and the cottage (though my mother would want that), and the four fields nigh—"

She broke in with impatience. "That isn't what I mean. What have you to offer me?"

He did not understand; his eyes sought her face.

"What have you, what is there in you different from other men, that I should want to marry you?" she asked.

It was a question as far outside his life and comprehension as were the stars. He was silent.

The girl laughed, not cruelly, but very softly, almost sweetly. "Poor boy! Go home—no, go to Felicity." She turned from him, and stared into the grate.

She was like a dream-woman. He had had dreams far beyond him, which had torn at his heart, sometimes had almost put him off his food. He said slowly, "You're fanciful, maybe. Well, there's my name—it's not over-common to farmers. My mother got it out of a book."

"Aubrey—Aubrey." She said it disparagingly, and his heart sank. "It is like the scent you buy at the fair. What possessed your mother to give you such a name?"

He continued doggedly, "I do not drink, or swear. As for smoking—a pipe now and again, no more."

"You are a good boy, I see. Now go and marry Felicity. She was made for you."

For the first time he was seized by a desire to hurt her. He looked at her strangely. What was she, a thin, grey-eyed thing whom none thought pretty, to gibe at him like this?

The girl met his glance. She gave herself a little shake, and he knew that she was as little afraid of him as were the wind and the rain and the sun. Felicity would have been afraid. And his strength ebbed from him: he had not the courage to approach her, to seat himself in her presence, to show himself a man.

She said, dismissing him casually, "You had better go. Felicity may be waiting."

"No," he said, "I won't go."

"Something a little kinder came into her eyes. She said softly, 'Think—what have I to offer you? I am a beggar, and I am not ashamed of my beggarhood.'"

"You'd forget it after a bit, when—"

"No, I shouldn't."

I should always remember it—and hanker after it. To be a beggar is to be free." She smiled, a little inward smile; then turned to him again. "Who would help your mother on baking days?"

"You—" he stammered. "Wouldn't you. . .?"

"Oh, I can bake," she said indifferently. "Perhaps I might on dull days. Maybe I would help her, maybe I wouldn't."

The consternation with which he battled amused her.

"Then there's church-going in a Sunday gown," she mocked.

"Would it content you if I went just when I pleased? 'Twould be a pleasure that would not appeal to me often! Could you race me the way home? There's a joy in running o' Sundays! There are big, black shadows on the pond before rainy weather. If I left the farm to go look at them. . ."

He said huskily, "You can't leave a farm at any hour of the day."

She smiled again, that little quiet smile, and smelt the southernwood. "No, I thought not," she said; "and neither can you lock the wind in with a key."

After a moment she rose slowly, and went to the window. She was taller, less like a child when she rose, and her thinness was more apparent. The man felt her attractiveness lessen; the bond that drew him slackened. She was not the right shape for a farmer's wife.

The wind sang past the window. The girl leant her cheek against the pane and listened. The mockery died out of her eyes. Suddenly she turned. "I do not love you—Aubrey," she said.

The simplicity of word and movement had its charm, unaccountable, potent; but this importance given to love. . .

He said, smiling uneasily, "That would be all right—in time."

She looked at him curiously. "You would be willing to take me without love?"

He nodded.

The southernwood slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor. It lay there, exhaling its fresh scent. It was near her shabby shoes.

The girl slipped into the window-seat and looked through the leaded panes at the tossing trees. "Do you know," she said, without turning, "that there have been men and women who have died for the sake of love? I heard of a woman once—

when he whom she loved was dead, she knelt by the coffin, and her heart broke like the stem of a flower, and she smiled once, and died. There are these things in the world. Farmers and their wives mate more simply, choose their partners with less nicety—this one, or that one, what does it matter? Choose a good housewife, farmer; there's a great deal in that—a great deal."

He did not answer, and she said, laughing a little, "I will not marry you, farmer-boy; go to Felicity."

Still he waited, but she did not notice him. She sat there, huddled up in the window-seat, smiling, and listening to the wind. Once she turned, to look past the place where he was standing and watch a sunbeam that flickered on the wall.

He saw that she

had forgotten him, and, his heart strangely chilled, he left her.

The wind was still roaring as he went over the meadow on his way to Felicity. It was a windy day.

THE END.

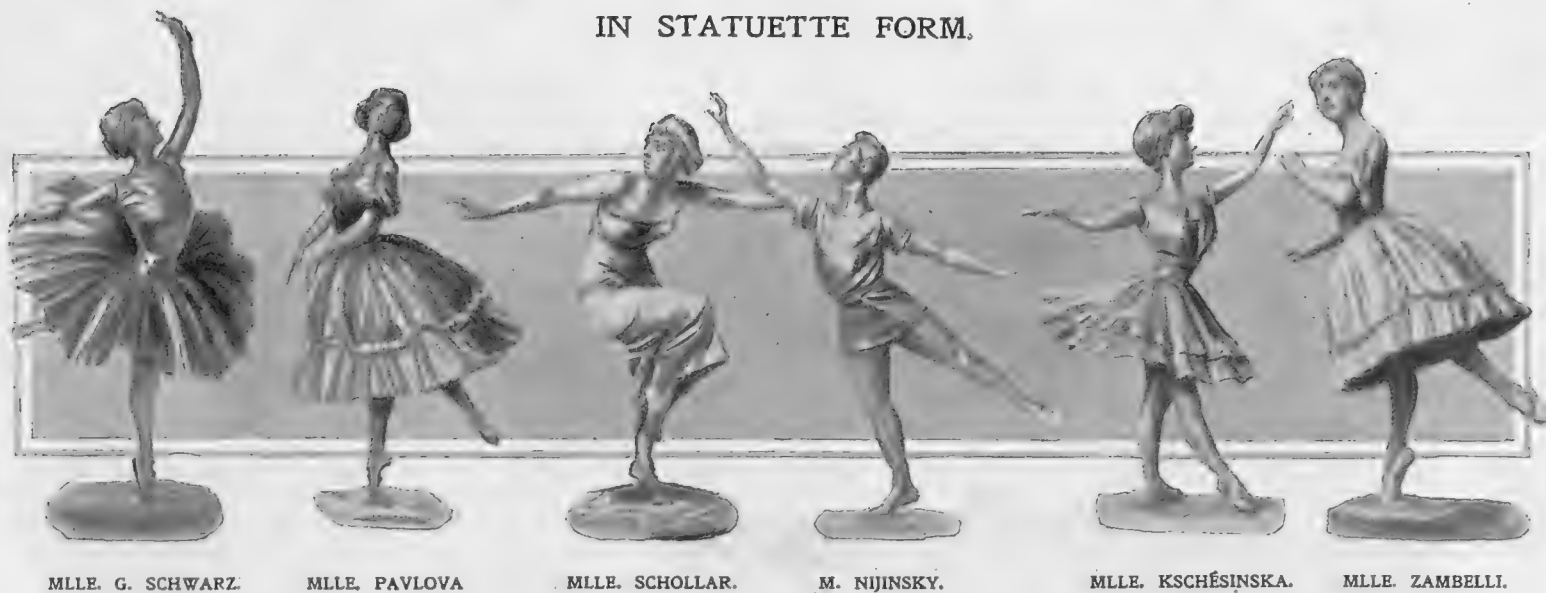


It was a windy day.



"Was it you that were knocking?"

PERPETUATING THE PIROUETTE: RUSSIAN DANCERS IN STATUETTE FORM.



MLLE. PAVLOVA POSING IN THE STUDIO OF M. BORIS FROEDMAN-CLUZEL.

Seizing the opportunity accorded by the fact that a season of Russian dancers is one of the attractions of Paris, as it is among those of London, the Russian sculptor M. Boris Froedman-Cluzel is giving a one-man-show in the Rue Royale, at which he is exhibiting a series of works the majority of which represent well-known Russian dancers in their habit as they pirouette. The dancers shown are obviously not confined to those now appearing in France. Mlle. Pavlova, for instance, is now dancing at the Palace, and others of those represented are to be seen elsewhere in London.

BROUGHT UP ON THE BOTTLE: THE FIVE-FOOT-HIGH BABY.



THE NEWCOMER AT THE "ZOO": THE GIRAFFE BORN THE OTHER DAY.

The baby giraffe whose portrait we give was born at the "Zoo" the other day. Mother (a thirteen-foot Kordofan giraffe) and child are doing well. The baby (which stood quite five feet high when this photograph was taken, when it was three days old, and was able to toddle almost immediately after its birth) has taken to the bottle with avidity. It should be noted, perhaps, that it is very unusual for a giraffe to be born in captivity. With the exception of the birth of the three-year-old brother of the latest arrival, no similar event has taken place at the "Zoo" for a generation.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

SMALL TALK

LORD TULLIBARDINE rendered first aid with the combined eagerness of a Boy Scout, the skill of an Eskimo woman, and the coolness of an old campaigner when the Hon. Maurice Egerton smashed his aeroplane and severed an artery. The accident helps to bring to a head the question of the flying-man's wardrobe. To the outsider—that is, to the man on earth—

even the Wellington boots worn by Mr. Maurice Egerton look rather absurd on legs among the fleecy clouds. But in this case they were not strong enough to resist the crash, and a big splinter made nothing of the stiff leather. Some antique leg-guards from the famous Egerton collection of Oriental arms would have been more to the purpose.

A Breezy Figure. The overalls of Mr. Grahame-White and the workmanlike outfit of Mr. C. S. Rolls are familiar enough, but they do not suggest that the final feathers have yet been found for the human bird. The costume of one Englishman who has essayed to fly has been amusing France. It consists of

Davidson is the first prelate to be painted by Mr. Sargent, beneath whose brush nearly every other type of man, English or American, has fallen. A famous lady has been known to say that she does not go to a studio to go to confession, and that therefore she has avoided sitting to Mr. Sargent. An Archbishop can, of course, stand the ordeal; and there is something delightful in the reversal by which a priest confesses in every feature to a layman. After ten exposures of his face to Mr. Sargent, the Archbishop will present himself on canvas to our inspection, and much curiosity is already aroused as to the result.

Civil Warriors. It is no new thing for our warriors to be out of harmony with the War Office. Even as Nelson had no good word for the Admiralty, so Wellington had his grievances against the War Minister. So, too, had our Crimean heroes, and so, too, had Wolseley and his staff. Lord Roberts never forgets the circumstances of his abrupt dismissal; and Lord Kitchener does but continue the ancient tale in his attitude towards the long-suffering



DAUGHTER OF LADY EMILY ALEXANDER,
MISS JACQUELINE ALEXANDER.

Miss Jacqueline Alexander is the daughter of Mr. James Dalison Alexander and of Lady Emily Alexander. She is a niece of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Lady Doreen Long, Lady Norah Hodgson and Lady Grace Baring, and is, on her father's side, a kinswoman of the Earl of Caledon.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

thick mountaineering shoes with heavy nails, green golf-stockings, white spats, riding-breeches tight at the knee, rampant at the thigh, a yellow football sweater, a grey Norfolk jacket, with a check like an eight barred gate, and a yachting-cap with the peak behind. On ordinary occasions the wearer is fully alive to the conventions, and looks typically English, but he seems to have no consideration for the eagles.

The Entente. M. Maurice Raoul-Duval, who, in marrying Miss Fanny Vernon, sister of Lord Vernon, becomes related to the much-harassed First Commissioner of Works, is not the first of his family to seek an Anglo-Saxon bride. The Duvals are Englishmen in most things, except that they have made several fortunes in restaurants—a thing seemingly never to be compassed by British genius. Great sportsmen, especially on the polo-fields, the Duvals have come to bear—and, of course, to dress—themselves according to the ideals of Ranelagh and Pall Mall. M. Maurice Raoul-Duval's brother is married to Miss Beatrice Tobin, a lovely and brilliant Californian.

Priest and Painter. Mr. Sargent, who has refused Kings as sitters, yields at last to the allurements of an Archbishop. The Chair of Canterbury is to be his sitter's chair for the nonce. Dr. Randall



THE WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN: MRS. QUENTIN DICK.

Mrs. Quentin Dick is the wife of that well-known sportsman Major Quentin Dick. Their marriage was quite an event in London society during the autumn of 1908. Mrs. Quentin Dick is a most successful hostess. She was Miss Lorna Penn-Curzon, daughter of Major E. C. Penn, late 18th Hussars.

Photograph by Val d'Estrange.



MRS. NAT GOODWIN (MISS EDNA GOODRICH).

Mrs. Goodwin, wife of the well-known American actor, is an actress. Her stage name is Miss Edna Goodrich. She was born in 1883, and is a daughter of Mr. A. S. Stephens, of Chicago. She made her first appearance on the stage ten years ago, at the Casino, New York, where she was in the chorus of "Florodora." Since then she has made numerous notable appearances.

Mr. Haldane. The dreamers and the doers seem to unite in their suspicion of Pall Mall; for Gordon thought no better of the War Office than the rest; and Sir William Butler once expressed in print the irritation felt by the profession because of the rule of the layman. Mr. Haldane, as it happens, is a popular man in drawing-rooms; but talk of the drawing-rooms is all pro-Kitchener for the moment.

The Whisper. Miss Cynthia Charteris — she and her family, by the way, are particular to have the name pronounced "Charters"—is to appear in the Shakespearean Masque that will be performed in Lady Londesborough's spacious London garden on June 30 and July 1. Miss Cynthia Charteris's future sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, and her kinswomen, Miss Frances and Miss Kathleen Tennant, are among the masquers—indeed, nearly all the garden players belong to the bevy of girls that is making itself famous for its dramatic talents, its enterprise, and prettiness. In Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's "St. Ursula" play Miss Cynthia Charteris, who impersonated the saint, was advised in a dream to wed. Who knows but that in rehearsal the name of Mr. Herbert Asquith—the cast was full of Asquith influence—was whispered?

KEYNOTES

THE MOZART FESTIVAL.

MUSICAL interest centres this week in His Majesty's Theatre, where, according to the arrangements completed at the time of writing, the Mozart Festival should be in full swing. "Il Seraglio" was to be given on Monday, the "Nozze di Figaro" to-night, and "Cosi fan tutte" is billed for Friday. The first-named, the "Entführung," as it is better known on the Continent, was given in England as far back as eighty-three years ago; the date of the earliest production in England of the "Nozze di Figaro" is 1812, while "Cosi fan tutte" was heard in this country in 1811. It is hardly necessary, under these circumstances, to state that the libretto is, in each case, extremely old-fashioned, not to say foolish; but for once the action of old-time stage puppets does not matter. The genius of Mozart rises above all limitations, and in giving us these three works of the Salzburg master, properly rehearsed and interpreted by thoroughly capable artists, Mr. Thomas Beecham has made his season of opera comique one that will be remembered gratefully by music-lovers for many years to come.

Of "Il Seraglio," Weber wrote: "Here I seem to see what the bright years of youth are to every man, a time of blossom and exuberance which he can never hope to reach again. . . . I venture to affirm that in this work Mozart had reached the full maturity of his powers as an artist . . . with all the good will in the world he could never have written another 'Entführung.'" The opera was produced, by command of the Austrian Emperor Josef II., in 1782, when the composer was twenty-six years old; and as the libretto, poor thing though it be, was modified by the composer, there is, perhaps, something to be grateful for. Constance, the heroine (presented by Mme. Verlet, of the Opéra Comique, and Grand Opera in Paris) is an English girl who has been carried off by a Turkish Pasha; Blonda (Miss Maggie Teyte) is her maid; and Belmont (Mr. Hans Lissman) and Pedrillo (Mr. John Bardsley) are the lovers of the girls; and Osmin (Mr. Robert Radford) is a servant of the Pasha Selim (Mr. Alexander Calvert). There is dialogue in place of recitative, and the music runs melodiously through soli and concerted numbers from first to last. It is the work of a genius in the moments of his greatest inspiration; and while the ear is enchanted, the mind

of the listener is impressed by the extraordinary gift of expression. Every instrument in the orchestra might have been the object of the composer's special regard.

The "Nozze di Figaro," announced for to-night, has been heard not infrequently at Covent Garden of late years, but that house is undoubtedly too large for it. The libretto, founded by Da Ponte on the well-known comedy of Beaumarchais, brings to the stage many of the figures introduced by Rossini and the librettist Sterbini in "The Barber of Seville," an opera of later date than Mozart's, but dealing with the earlier life of Figaro. The story is woefully complicated, but here again it does not matter—the music is the supreme achievement. The Countess (Miss Agnes Nicholls) sings some of the loveliest music ever heard on the stage; Cherubino (Miss Maggie Teyte) is hardly less fortunate, and if Mozart had written no other stage work than this he would have been regarded as a master of operatic writing. The difficult rôle of Figaro is allotted to Mr. Lewys James, who made such a favourable impression when he visited London with the Moody-Manners Company in the summer of last year. Composed more than one hundred and twenty years ago, the music of "Le Nozze di Figaro" is as fresh as in the hours when it ran sparkling from Mozart's pen.

"Cosi fan tutte," the last of the three operas selected by Mr. Beecham, suffers, if at all, by comparison with the two that precede it. Da Ponte is again the librettist, and the story of the two Sevillañas who are so faithful to their suspicious lovers is not of absorbing interest, though it is quite amusing. Mozart does not maintain his highest level of inspiration throughout the opera, but he does not remain below it for very long, and there are songs for Isidora (Miss Ruth Vincent), Ferrando (Mr. Walter Hyde), and Alphonso (Mr. Lewys James) that must delight one and all.

This first of London's Mozart Festivals is modelled upon those larger ones at the Prince Regent's theatre in Munich, and though the cost of the productions has been made greater by the engagement of special artists, ordinary prices are being charged. Doubtless, if the public responds, we may look for a Mozart Festival every year.

COMMON CHORD.



A FAMOUS DISEASE WHO HAS BEEN APPEARING IN LONDON AGAIN: MME. YVETTE GUILBERT, WHO HAS JUST CLOSED AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE HIPPODROME.

From the Picture Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.



A "MIXED OR ANGELIC" CHOIR: THE CHOIR OF THE GIBRALTAR CATHEDRAL.

Our correspondent writes: "The mixed or angelic choir was instituted here twenty-three years ago, and is said to be the largest and best voluntary choir out of England. The experience of the Cathedral authorities and congregation is that the lady chorister element has proved an unalloyed success—that, compared with choir-boys, they are more regular, punctual, attentive, and better behaved at practices and services, and that they have incomparably better knowledge of music. To prevent levity, flippancy, and conceit, and to maintain the religious character of the office, they are admitted as choir members at the Cathedral altar by the Bishop, or Dean, at a special service."

MAKE A NOTE OF THE NEAREST.

For the convenience of residents in London and the suburbs who propose sending us orders for Cleaning and Dyeing before going away, we append a list of some of our branches.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 263, Oxford Street, W.
T. A.: "Degraisseur, London."
Tel.: 3971 Gerrard. | 104, West End Lane, Hampstead, N.W.
Tel. 3057 P.O. Hampstead. |
| 108a, Westbourne Grove, W.
Tel.: 1642 Paddington. | 8a, Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W.
Tel.: 2769 P.O. Hampstead. |
| 159, High Street, Kensington, W.
Tel.: 215 Kensington. | 5, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.
Tel.: P.O. 9480 Central. |
| 80, Shaftesbury Avenue, W. | 39, Moorgate Station Buildings,
Finsbury Pavement, E.C.
Tel.: 3998 Central. |
| 11, The Mall, Ealing, W.
Tel.: 1050 Ealing. | 7, Topsfield Parade, Crouch End, N.
Tel.: 740 Hornsey. |
| 14, High St., Notting Hill Gate, W.
Tel.: 5496 Paddington. | 62, Stamford Hill, N. |
| 19, Villiers Street, Strand, W.C. | 4, Camberwell Green, S.E. |
| 42, George St., Richmond, S.W.
Tel.: 123 Richmond. | 30, High Street, Bromley, Kent.
Tel.: 37 Bromley. |
| 6, Hill Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
Tel.: 76 Wimbledon, Nat. | 53, Cranbrook Road, Ilford, E. |
| 187, Brompton Road, S.W.
Tel.: 125, Kensington. | 8, Lauderdale Parade, Maida Vale, W.
Tel.: 3038 P.O. Hampstead. |
| 77, High Road, Streatham, S.W.
Tel.: 515 Streatham. | 26, King's Road, Chelsea, W.
Tel.: 1921 Kensington. |
| 232, Upper Richmond Road, Putney,
S.W.
Tel.: 1133 Putney. | 10, The Broadway, Woodford. |
| | 2, Cavendish Parade, Clapham
Common.
Tel.: 1651 Battersea. |

In districts not mentioned we have agencies, and will send address of nearest on application.

ACHILLE SERRE, Ltd.

(Nettoyage à Sec),

Hackney Wick, London.

'Phone 1265 East.

Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct.



No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

The "snow white hands" of their Women have been a source of inspiration to Dutch painters for centuries.

Dutch girls well know the value of a few drops of pure "4711" Eau de Cologne in the Basin to enhance that whiteness.

Ask for the Blue & Gold labelled "4711" and see that you get it.

Try the 1s. 6d. box of No. "4711" Eau de Cologne Soap.

ELKINGTON

Silver-ware

TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE.

Sterling Silver. Plain Reeded Pattern.

£10

COMPRISING:—

Coffee-pot or Hot-Water Jug, 1½ pts., £3 17 6;

Teapot, 1 pint, £3 15 0;

Sugar Basin, Gilt inside, £1 7 6;

Cream Jug, £1

**JEWELLERY WATCHES
CLOCKS BRONZES
ELKINGTON PLATE
OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE
ANTIQUE SILVER**



ELKINGTON & CO., LTD.

LONDON 22, Regent St., S.W. 73, Cheapside, E.C.	BIRMINGHAM Newhall Street	LIVERPOOL Lord Street	GLASGOW Buchanan Street	MANCHESTER St. Ann's Square	NEWCASTLE- ON-TYNE Northumberland St.
--	-------------------------------------	---------------------------------	-----------------------------------	---------------------------------------	---

Wedding Presents of Elkington Quality from 10/6 upwards.

Descriptive Illustrated Catalogues free.

A GREAT INSTITUTION.

(VIDE PRESS).

THE calm superiority at one time assumed by the Stock Exchange speculator towards those taking an intelligent interest in matters connected with the national sport of racing was as absurd as it was quite unjustifiable, and the gentlemen of Throgmorton Street have long ago realised that they had to deal with a very powerful competition in the Turf.

The change in public opinion that has taken place in regard to racing matters generally, even within the last few years, is remarkable, and the great institution of Mr. D. M. Gant has had much to do with this change of opinion, owing to the straightforward policy at all times pursued, and the generous and up-to-date methods adopted.

Hitherto, unless a man actually visited the race-meetings, he had no opportunity of making investments with any sense of security; but Mr. D. M. Gant, member of Tattersall's, of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., has done much to alter this state of affairs, and is chiefly responsible for the present enlightened and fair methods of business. It may here be stated that Mr.

Gant is the only member of his profession ever singled out for inclusion in the gallery of celebrities represented by the famous

service is of particular interest. All that intending clients require to do is to write for full particulars of his terms and conditions,



No. 25, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

Vanity Fair cartoons, and this accordingly proves his right to the title of "London's Premier Turf Accountant."

But the honour conveyed by the fact of his cartoon being published is only a sign of the respect in which Mr. Gant is held. It is no mean compliment to be recognised as a leader in the business world, and this cartoon is merely a public expression of the thoughts in the minds of all sportsmen.

Mr. Gant is an Investment Broker, with a status equal to that of the pillars of any Stock Exchange, and therefore, sportsmen who take a live interest in racing and who desire that their business shall be placed in safe hands and their affairs treated confidentially, can have no hesitation whatever in dealing with him.

Even to those who regularly visit racecourses, the facility with which starting-price business can be carried on is most astonishing. Instead of bargaining for odds from the rails of the club enclosure or having to carry money to "put on" with someone to whom the customer is unknown, the whole can be concentrated and "placed" with one firm, and this is where Mr. D. M. Gant's



MR. GANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE.



FILING ROOM.

and at the same time to produce evidence of their *bonâ-fides*. For many reasons business men may desire that their turf transactions shall be conducted with the strictest privacy, and in this case a *nom de plume* can be adopted.

There is a peculiar prejudice in this country against the receiving of cheques from a firm connected with racing. The reason of this need not be analysed here, but the drawer of many hundred cheques per week is alive to this somewhat astonishing fact; consequently, the cheques for winning accounts are signed in a name that bears no trace of the identity of Mr. D. M. Gant, as he always pays his cheques under an adopted name. The result is, a man may pay £500 he has received from his turf accountant into his bank and retain his reputation for being commonplace. This is truly a droll characteristic of insular and hereditary prejudice. However, be it said that, from the client's point of view, it has the additional advantage that it is not necessary to let clerks or secretaries know all one's sources of legitimate benefits, or there might be prying into one's turf transactions in the hope of following suit.

Mr. Gant is also a private financier. He does a large amount of business in bill-discounting—it was not sought for; but, as he said once: "It came my way, and I thought: why should So-and-So pay other people impossible rates when I have the money lying idle?" So Mr. Gant has quantities of "paper" locked up in sealed envelopes in his strong-room.

He was the first recognised turf accountant to introduce the "no limit" condition, and it has always been his inviolable rule to pay the exact odds at which horses started, without any of the usual deductions or charges made in the form of commission, etc. This "no limit" rule has proved a great boon to the stay-

at-home speculator, and the Grand National of 1908, won by Rubio at 66 to 1, and later the Derby, in which Signorinetta was successful at 100 to 1, are instances of the great advantages possessed by Mr. Gant's *clientèle*. Readers of the sporting papers will doubtless remember the correspondence that followed Rubio's win, wherein the Press, without exception, led the public to believe that the horse was virtually unbacked; but Mr. Gant, in contradiction of such statements, and in proof of his assertion, requested the Editor of the *Sportsman* to forward from the offices of that paper large cheques (which he had drawn) direct to his clients, which the Editor courteously consented to do.

There can be no better informed man than the gentleman under discussion as regards anything appertaining to races where quotations appear in the papers, and which are commonly known as "Future Events." He is in direct communication with all the principal centres of sport, and he attributes his success in a great measure to having always laid fair and

genuine prices. The holder of Mr. Gant's voucher may be assured that he is virtually the owner of a Bank of England note should the animal he has backed prove successful. It is an easy matter to arrange an account and participate in this advantageous "no limit" system, providing, of course, the application is *bonâ-fide* and the applicant a person of substance.

From the offices of Mr. D. M. Gant, at 25, Conduit Street, London, W., is issued a handy little waistcoat-pocket "Sportsman Diary," bound in red morocco, and so much sought after has this little volume been, that in the present year alone it has run into a fifth edition, bringing the total issue up to 80,000. Upon written application it is sent free to ladies and gentlemen who contemplate placing business with Mr. Gant's firm.



DESPATCH OFFICE.



TELEPHONE ROOM.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Trainers.

It is nearly ten years since I suggested in *The Sketch* that no trainer should be allowed to have more than twenty-five racehorses under his charge at the one time. I remember this bit of advice was not taken kindly by some correspondents, who penned me some hard words, to say the least of them. However, Time the leveller should have brought these gentlemen to their senses, as since my suggestion the experience of years must have shown pretty well to everybody not biased that a trainer with fifty or sixty horses under his charge does not produce anything like such good results as a man who has only a couple of dozen animals to supervise. In the big stables too much is of necessity left to the lads, with the result that a great many of the horses turn rogues, and when the trainer himself does not know that he is sending out an unreliable horse to run in a race, it

often means a heavy loss to the patrons of the stable. It is a practical impossibility for any one man to make himself personally acquainted with all the weaknesses of sixty horses. I think the Jockey Club should license men to train, say, twenty-five horses only.

The late

Mr. J. Hammond.

The death of Mr. John Hammond was not unexpected, as he suffered from cancer for some time. Mr. Hammond began life in a racing stable, and afterwards became a commission agent. His first big start was through following

take place in the London clubs. The prices are paralysing at times, and when any member of the public tries to back a horse that is supposed to have a chance, he is offered a ludicrous price. As I have explained for years, the agents of the foreign list-men rule the markets in this country more or less, and they take care that the price about any horse belonging to a dangerous stable is kept so low that no one bets at a profit but themselves. They help to shorten the quotations about all the favourites, while if they hear that any owner thinks of backing his horse, they slip in and take all the money there is going, and when his agent comes into the market there are no legitimate prices to be had. This sort of thing tends to encourage in-and-out running, and it is a pity that "foreign" gentlemen could not be stopped. Of course, a ready remedy would be the Pari-Mutuel, but then the public would get as much out of a horse as the owner himself, while the latter would have to bear, single-handed, all the expenses of training, etc.; but I am afraid betting by machinery will come sooner or later, as many of the book-makers who stand up in Tattersall's ring are rank cowards, and the last thing they could be made to do would be to offer a fair price against any horse hailing from a dangerous stable. The layers complain that so few horses are backed in the big races nowadays that they cannot offer fair prices against anything; but surely this is not the way to attract custom. Men of the old day made books on truly business lines. They were not influenced by a few investments on the part of the Continental "hedging" men, but laid fair prices, knowing that this method was the one to draw business. A hundred to one on the field was often laid in the Chester Cup after the entries had appeared. Nowadays, however, the fashion is to offer 3 to 1 the field, with a second favourite at 7 to 2, for many of the big races.



"THE GENERAL" UP: MRS. DRUMMOND, THE FAMOUS MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE, RIDING ASTRIDE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

the late Fred Archer's mounts. He dead-heated for the Derby with St. Gatien, who could not quite beat Harvester; but he was undoubtedly a 14-lb. better horse afterwards. Mr. Hammond told me at the time that he thought he might win both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire; and he did, as Florence, ridden by Fred Webb, was successful in the shorter race, and thereby hangs a tale. I was prospecting at Newmarket on the Saturday before the Cesarewitch, when I heard that a big trial had just taken place, and no one had seen it except a few workmen who were engaged painting the rails. I interviewed the foreman, who said he could give me the certain winner of the Cambridgeshire if I would tell him what would win the Cesarewitch. I agreed, and gave him St. Gatien. His tip was Tonans, who had just won the trial, and, would you believe it, I gave Tonans the preference over Florence, despite what Mr. Hammond himself had hinted!

Betting.

It is about time that someone gave us some enlightenment as to the ante-post betting that is supposed to



THE DASH FROM THE ENEMY: AN ACTRESS IN THE ARMY PAGEANT REHEARSING MOUNTING BEHIND A FRIEND DURING A RAID.

The Army Pageant is to begin at Fulham Palace on the 20th, and is due to close on the 2nd of next month. The short introduction is described as follows: "The evolution of Weapons through the Gaels, Ivernians, Scots, and Brythons; the coming of the Disciplined Man with the Romans; the beginning of Imperialism and the origin of Knighthood, with the dedication of the Boy to the service of his race in peace and war." There are to be ten episodes in Part I.—from Arthur at the Battle of Badon (circa 520) to the new model Army at Naseby (June 14, 1645). Part II. will tell the stories of the regiments in famous fights, and will end with a Great Finale, "Service is Power."

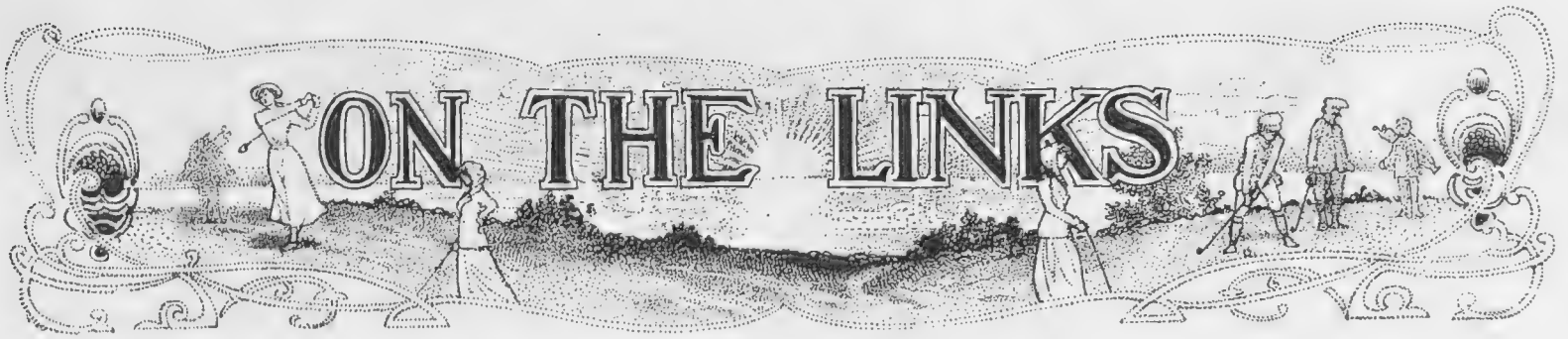
Photograph by Record Press.



IN THEIR HABITS AS THEY RIDE: THE WELL-KNOWN SUFFRAGETTES, MISS KENNEY, MISS HOLME, AND THE HON. MRS. HAVERFIELD.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By HENRY LEACH.



MR. EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P. FOR THE EAST TOXTETH DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL.

A Tie for the Open!

A tie for the Open Championship! That is just what the majority of golfers who take a close interest in the greatest competitive event of the season, and know all about Braid, Vardon, and Taylor, and what clubs they use, would decide upon if they had a kind of semi-supernatural control over the manner in which the tournament worked itself out. They would regard such an occurrence at the present time as being the most interesting and exciting thing that had ever happened in golf, and they would watch it quite indifferent to the sufferings of the contestants, just as the old Romans used to watch their gladiators. Yes,

they would really suffer. The nervous strain of getting into a leading place in this competition and keeping there, when a slight defect in any one of more than three hundred strokes might be fatal, is very great. For all that the man knows at the time of making his different shots, he has not a single stroke to lose, and in the best of circumstances he cannot afford to lose more than a very few. If the strain is so great in the ordinary working of the competition, how much greater would it be in the playing off of a tie between—oh, magnificent issue!—Braid, Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and Tom Ball. A victory by one of the first three of these players this year would yield him the record for number of championships won, with the special gold medal which the championship authorities are giving this time to commemorate the jubilee of the event. Seeing the men play those last few holes at St. Andrews, and especially the difficult and dreaded seventeenth, in such circumstances would be a sight to make the blood tingle. I have been to these open championship meetings for many years past, and know that it is just about this time—the middle of the week and the latter part of the competition—that everybody begins to whisper in an awesome way to others, "What about a tie?"

They seem to want it, but still to fear it. Yet it hardly ever happens. Since the competition consisted of four rounds there has only been one tie, and that was on the famous occasion, as far back as 1896, when Harry Vardon and Taylor had to play off at Muirfield, and the former won his first championship as the result, using a putter that he had never used before—and has never used since.

On Winning Easily.

Now when you consider the equality of the leading professionals, the levelling influence of four rounds of stroke play, and the general closeness of the struggle, you would think that ties ought to take

place with some frequency. Never did the circumstances so strongly suggest a tie as this year, and we say also that it must occur some time, and that consequently it becomes more and more imminent and likely every year. And yet we feel we shall very probably miss it again. There is really an explanation as to why the tie does not happen oftener, and it is to be found in a dictum of both Braid and Taylor, that when a man is going to win a

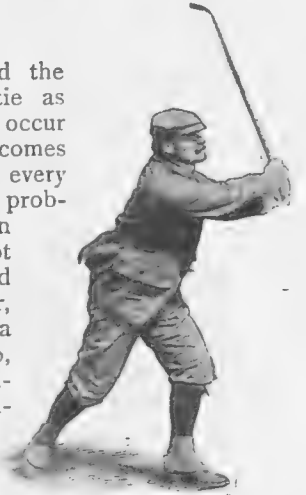
championship, he feels himself to be winning easily, and to have

a lot in hand, and that "it is difficult to win a championship unless

you do win it easily." There is more of subtlety of meaning in this than may be imagined at the first thought. The idea is that, a little way from the end of the competition, one man begins to be marked out from the others as the probable winner. He may be only a stroke or two in front, and there may be scores of opportunities—they are particularly numerous at St. Andrews—for him to "bosh" up the whole thing; but there is something about the way he is going on that gives you great confidence in him. At the same time, he comes by some most valuable confidence in himself, and feels that he is playing the winning game, and playing it easily; while the other men often lose a little of their confidence, and so they lose everything else with it. That is just how it happens, and is why we who merely watch, and want as much thrill and excitement as we can get, are cheated out of our ties.

Terrible Putts.

Next to seeing the beggars play off a tie and enjoying (we doing so) their nervous strain and torture, the best thing is to watch them having long putts on the last green to make a tie, and just missing them. To watch your ball running slowly round the rim of the hole fifteen yards away, and to know that if it dropped in you might quite likely be champion, and that if it stayed out you certainly would not be, must be one of the greatest emotions of life. I have seen this thing happening, and I and all the other people felt twitchy at the time. The best experience of its kind was at the championship meeting at Sandwich in 1904, which was Jack White's year. Jack finished early, and seemed to have won all right; but both Taylor and Braid came along afterwards, each with a long putt on the last green to tie. Braid thought that he had one to win and two to tie, or he might have holed his, while I remember so very well Taylor putting from the right of the green up and over a big incline and hitting the back of the hole. In the 1897 championship at Hoylake, when Braid had to hole a long putt to tie, his ball went over the middle of the hole.



MR. WILLIAM HAYES FISHER, M.P. FOR FULHAM.



THE RT. HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON, M.P. FOR ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.



MAJOR ARTHUR CLIVE MORRISON-BELL, M.P. FOR THE EAST DIVISION OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE ATTITUDE OF PARLIAMENTARIANS AT GOLF; POLITICIANS AT PLAY.

Photographs by Sports Co.



THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P. FOR CARNARVON DISTRICT, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P. FOR THE CITY OF LONDON, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.



DR. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P. FOR CAMBERWELL NORTH, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Bournemouth Meeting.

The Bournemouth Aviation Meeting has begun to loom big in the public eye, and the prize-list is, to my mind, of so munificent a character that all the leading aviators of the world are likely to be attracted to this queen of English watering-places. The competitor winning the speed prize will take no less a sum than £1000, while he who encompasses the longest flight will receive £300. As sensation must be a feature of the meeting, £1000 is offered for the greatest altitude gained, while £800 is offered to the aviator making the longest oversea flight. Then there is a substantial prize for alighting, and another for the competitor making the slowest circuit—a competition which will have as much interest as any of the others for those who take a real interest in the movement. It is suggested, however, that these allotments require reconsideration, the oversea-flight prize being regarded as small compared with that offered for the greatest speed. With the view that the altitude prize is too large I do not agree.

Wales and the War Office.

Hard upon the chronicling of the successful nocturnal voyage of Captain Capper with the Aldershot dirigible comes the news of an admirable trip at Cardiff by a small dirigible belonging to a Mr. Willons. So completely was this air-ship under control that its intrepid navigator, starting from his hangar, actually voyaged to the City Hall in Cathays Park, and descended to within a short distance of the ground in front of the Hall itself, where the air-ship remained steady for about half an hour. Everything worked perfectly, an altitude of 500 feet being maintained while travelling. The demonstrations by the War Office and the Welsh air-ships go far to remove the reproach from us, as a nation, of neglecting a branch of aviation which might be of vital interest to us in case of invasion.

A Book for Fitting-Out.

Fitting-out should be as keen a pleasure to the motorist just seized of a new car as it is to a yachtsman but lately come into possession of a yacht and about to put her into commission. I am moved to this reflection by the present receipt of a neatly and strongly bound volume stamped "Dunhill's Motorities," in which, as one skims the leaves, there appears set forth in illustration everything that heart of motorist of either sex can desire. Very properly giving *place aux dames*, we find over eighty pages devoted to motoring garments of all descriptions for the fair, the illustrations being from photographs of subjects of most attractive aspect.

Following this fascinating section, we have fifty-five pages devoted to the coarser habiliments of the mere man and his chauffeur, followed by a division in which footwear, driving-aprons, and rugs are dealt with. The remainder of the work, amounting to over a hundred and forty pages, is sacred to the "Motorities" proper; and in scanning these pages one realises how true it is that Dunhill's supply "everything but the car." No motorist's library is complete without this most exhaustive book.



"ANCHORAGE FOR AEROPLANES": A SIGN THAT IS VERY MUCH OF THE TIMES.

Now that four cross-Channel flights have been made, it may be anticipated that numerous landings of airmen will take place on the coast of England in the not far distant future: hence the setting up of this sign by an enterprising firm at Margate.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]

of great value to the motorist. Every Daimler owner should have one.

The Road Board's Secretary.

The constitution of the Road Board is already known, and although it sorely lacks certain elements which automobilists desired to see embodied, things might, on the whole, be worse. But the important official of such a body, the human mainspring—to wit, the secretary—has now been selected. Though rumour was busy with many names, and hope rose high in many breasts, it was not until last week that the identity of this most important official was made known. The world of automobilism indeed heaved something like a sigh of relief when they learnt that the Board had adopted Mr. Rees Jeffries, the talented organiser of the Motor Union, as their official scribe. No better selection could have been

made, for in many a hard-fought battle waged in the interests of modern locomotion, Mr. Rees Jeffries has won laurels again and again. His long connection in official capacities with the Roads Improvement League, the Motor Union, and the Institution of Automobile Engineers particularly fits him for the post. Colonel Crompton, R.E., has been appointed Engineer to the Board also.

[Continued on a later page.]



FRIGHT AND FLIGHT: HORSES OF A SQUADRON OF DRAGOONS RESTLESS UNDER THE PASSING OF AN AEROPLANE AT BÉTHENY.

The photograph shows the famous airman Wagner flying with a passenger. The horses were frightened as much by the noise of the motor as by the aeroplane itself.

made, for in many a hard-fought battle waged in the interests of modern locomotion, Mr. Rees Jeffries has won laurels again and again. His long connection in official capacities with the Roads Improvement League, the Motor Union, and the Institution of Automobile Engineers particularly fits him for the post. Colonel Crompton, R.E., has been appointed Engineer to the Board also.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

IN not many instances was King Edward ambitious for his friends' promotion in public life, but that he had marked out Sir Charles Hardinge as a future Viceroy was well known. He knew Sir Charles, and he knew that there was Viceregal strength in him. India has already been the great opportunity for the Hardinges. Sir Charles's grandfather there won fame, and a pension of £3000 a year for three generations. The new Viceroy's brother, Lord Hardinge, still draws it, but is the last to do so, and it now behoves Sir Charles to renew the family claim to hold the gorgeous East in fee.

The Brothers. When the first Viscount Hardinge lost a hand, he set himself to make the grave surgeons smile during the amputation. Was it not he who called for the ring that was departing with his fingers? Sir Charles can also crack a joke under difficulties—that is, in the Persian tongue; and his brother, Sir

Arthur Hardinge, can cap a jest in a choice of Oriental languages. Diplomacy has taken both brothers over much the same ground—to Teheran and to St. Petersburg, and other places, with the result that they are not seldom confused in the hastier accounts of their careers. One year divides their ages, and they have the Hardinge look in common.

The Badgers. Mrs. Todd Helmuth, of New York, with her century of medals—valued at £10,000—has no counterpart in England. In the first place, our clubs

confer no badges; and if they did, an Englishman could not be induced to earn the right to wear a hundred of them by membership of a hundred clubs. To belong to half-a-dozen makes him very much of a clubman, and is unusual; whereas in the States a man of the world makes light of twenty. Even Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who has five or six clubs in London, belongs to seventeen or eighteen in America. He is the proof, of course, of how little a man need be beholden to the thousand leather armchairs that await him.

by his first wife. Mr. Harding married, secondly, a daughter of the late Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, whose sister is Lady Denbigh. As Lady Denbigh is Lord Feilding's mother, he is marrying a step-daughter of his mother's sister; while Miss Harding marries her stepmother's nephew, an unusual, though obviously by no means a forbidden, degree of relationship.

The Family.

Lord and Lady Grey and Lady Sybil Grey have returned to England with many things to tell of Canada. Unlike Sir Edward Grey, they do not surrender to the notion that the Colonies make dull conversation; and while Sir Edward's gifts as a talker are best displayed in the discussion of plays and places,

trees and travel, the returning Governor-General does not hesitate to talk Imperial "shop." If any of the ardent young visitors from the Dominions who are the delighted recipients of invitations to lunch with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs leave their host with the disappointed impression of having talked for three minutes of England's attitude towards Canada and for three hours of Italian pictures, they must remember that a mother does not always talk about herself to her rapidly developing daughters.

Miss Helen Post. Lady Barrymore spends most of her time at Fota Island, but to-day—the 22nd—Hill Street is

very much aware of her presence and of her multitudinous guests. She and Miss Helen Post, the daughter she sees married to Mr. Montague Eliot, are both, strictly speaking, American; but it is over twenty

years since Lord Barrymore persuaded the lady to become his wife and the little girl his step-daughter; and in twenty years London and the Barrymore estates have established an absolute claim upon them. Fota Island is in County Cork, but offers unusual facilities of access and egress to its owners, for it is one of the few private estates possessing a private railway-station. The Atlantic liners, however, pass on their unheeding way, without ever pausing to offer the temptations of a Western journey to the ladies of the Island.



WELL KNOWN FOR HER PICTURES OF SPANISH LIFE: MISS M. CAMERON.

Miss Cameron, as we have already noted, is well known for the brilliant way in which she depicts Spanish life. A number of her works are now on view in the Haymarket, at M'Lean's Gallery, where they are responsible for both interest and praise.

Photograph by Lallie Charles



MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO QUEEN MARY: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Duchess of Devonshire, who is the first Mistress of the Robes in the new Court, is the daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and niece of the Duchess of Buccleuch, who was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra. Her Grace is niece also to the Duke of Abercorn, and is connected with half the great families of Britain.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



TO MARRY "TEDDY JUNIOR": MISS ELEANOR BUTLER ALEXANDER.

Miss Alexander is to marry Mr. Theodore Roosevelt Jun., two days after the ex-President reaches New York.

Photograph by Sport and General.

A Shropshire Lass.

With pleasure we announce the engagement arranged between Lord Feilding and the daughter of Mr. Francis Egerton Harding



MRS. DOUGLAS MALCOLM (FORMERLY MISS CLAIRE STOPFORD), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY LAST (20TH).

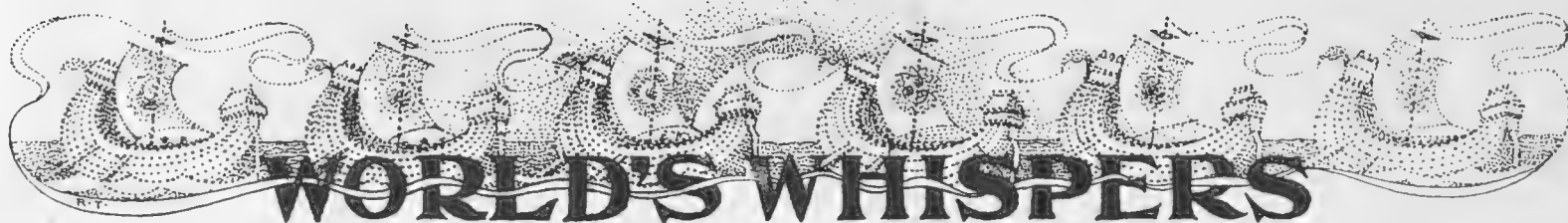
Mrs. Malcolm is the only daughter of the late Hon. John Montagu Stopford, half-brother of the Earl of Courtown, and of the Countess-Dowager of Arran. She is a great favourite in Society, and has acted as bridesmaid many times. She is connected with many distinguished families. Mr. Malcolm is in the Foreign Office.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MISS ELEANOR BUTLER ALEXANDER: MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT JUN.

As the American Press has it, the younger Mr. Theodore has been "shot by Cupid," and, as we have noted, is to marry Miss Alexander.—[Photograph by the Fleet Agency.]



WORLD'S WHISPERS

ONE can almost hear the fiddlers tuning for the dances. Indeed, preparations had even last week gone forward in the drawing-rooms of certain hostesses who had not fully appreciated the relentlessness of the laws of mourning.

Mrs. Harold Pearson realised in time that had she abided by her intention of giving a dance this week, she would have been without any contingent from the Household Cavalry or the Brigade of Guards. On July 8, the date she has now secured in the scramble for nights in July, such a contingent can and will attend. This is Mrs. Pearson's first essay as a dance hostess, and it promises great success. Both Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill and Lady Aberdare are taking parties. The crowded month will be opened by the Hon. Lady Miller in Grosvenor Square on the 1st.

First Fiddle. As was inevitable, the Earl Marshal and Mr. Lewis Harcourt are being teased about the little slips that certainly did not mar, except for the purist, the impressiveness of King Edward's funeral. As a matter of

the bride, but for the bridegroom, in the wedding fixed for July 19. He, at least, fills no mother's mind with the delightful worries of a trousseau, a train and a reception. Both Lady McLaren's daughters are already married, and it is only since the one became Lady Johnson-Ferguson and the other Lady Norman that she has given herself entirely to the feminine cause. The tiresomely familiar advice offered to the woman ambitious to do good in the outer world, that she should confine herself to the needs of her immediate family, is wholly impertinent in the case of the mother who, her daughters having found homes of their own, is left alone with her unhampered energies and vacant days.

The Vaughans. Father Bernard Vaughan, although his analysis of Ascot proves that he does not count the Turf among the sins of Society, is not, naturally enough, a sportsman himself. His brother the Cardinal had, in early years, a passion for shooting, and it is said that when on



MARRIED TO SIR STANDISH O'GRADY ROCHE, Bt., ON MONDAY (20TH). LADY ROCHE.

Lady Roche was Miss Dyson-Laurie, of Old Parsonage House, Ospringe, Kent, and is a daughter of the late Colonel Dyson-Laurie. The wedding took place at Wrotham Parish Church, Kent. Sir Standish Deane O'Grady Roche is the third Baronet, and was born in July 1845.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

fact, none of the nation's guests were seriously annoyed, and the notion that Mr. Roosevelt fretted because he had to sit in a carriage instead of being mounted among the Princes is absurd. That Mr. Roosevelt is not, however, in a general way very fond of ceremonies has been somewhat quaintly recorded by the frank Kermit. Asked by an anxious relative if Mr. Roosevelt would grace a certain marriage with his presence, he answered, "I guess not; father says he never enjoys funerals or weddings unless he can be the corpse or the bride."

The Abbreviated Season. The streets of Mayfair, strangely silent at night-time during the past months, will rattle with a full discharge of traffic in July. It would be difficult to count the dinners and the dances that are to be crowded into this season of thirty nights and one, or to estimate the difficulty experienced by hostesses in drawing up a fixture-list that is not merely a futile clashing of dates. I hear of a case in which four ladies have each asked the other three to dine on an evening early in the month. The only difficulty is that they have all chanced on the same date, which

means, if my arithmetic serves me well, that twelve invitations must be refused at one swoop, apart from the probability of disappointments by the common friends, who must choose between several hostesses—and chefs.

The Chartist.

Lady McLaren, who has her Charter to tend, is well content that she is responsible, not for



MR. GEORGE HORACE JOHNSTONE AND MISS ALISON RAFFLES FLINT, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Mr. Johnstone is the only son of the late Mr. J. Heywood Johnstone, M.P., for West Sussex, and of Mrs. Johnstone, of Bignor Park, Sussex. Miss Flint is the youngest daughter of Canon and Mrs. Raffles Flint, of Nansawson, Ladoek, Cornwall. (Photographs by Walter Barnett.)



ENGAGED TO SIR IVOR HERON-MAXWELL, Bt.; MISS NORA PARKER, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. FRANCIS PARKER.

Miss Parker, daughter of the Hon. Francis Parker and Mrs. Parker, of Wilton House, Eaton Square, is engaged to Sir Ivor Walter Heron-Heron-Maxwell, the eighth Baronet. Sir Ivor, who was born in November 1871, succeeded his father recently. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

summer evenings he went into the park at Courtfield to say his rosary he kept his gun at his side, and, a rabbit offering, dropped his beads. But beyond the sports of the field the Vaughans have seldom gone, and Colonel Vaughan, the present holder of Courtfield, has never exchanged the excitements of ordinary speculation for the hazards of the racecourse.

South African Johannesburg Piles.

Johannesburg owes the wonderful collection of modern pictures about to be shipped to Lane's wealth of judgment, and to that other form of wealth generally associated with those lavish donors, Mr. Otto Beit, Sir Julius Wernher, and Mr. Lionel Phillips, who is also a partner in "Wernher, Beit and Co." But these gentlemen are not wholly responsible: Mrs. Lionel Phillips has given her first-rate aid. Not a few of the treasures of the collection came to it because Mrs. Phillips has cried, "I spy" in friends' houses, and managed, by hook or by crook, to transfer the desired work of art to the Johannesburg pile.

South Africa primarily to Sir Hugh Rodin's marvelously beautiful bust of Miss Fairfax is to be numbered among the fruits of her energy. Like her husband, Mrs. Phillips has written a book on South Africa. Hers is a volume of recollections, one of the most vivid being of the time when her husband was condemned to death, afterwards to be released, by Judge Gregorowski.



MISS PHYLLIS SHERWOOD HOBLYN AND MR. DAVID BROWN, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (22ND). Miss Hoblyn is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dennis Hoblyn, of 25, Upper Hamilton Terrace. Mr. Brown is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wright Brown, of The Garth, Oxton, Birkenhead. (Photographs by Esme Collins and Barraud.)



MISS IDA MARTIN AND MR. RONALD G. CRICKSHANK, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Miss Martin is a daughter of Lady Martin, of 43, Draycott Place, and of the late Sir Aquin Martin.

Photographs by Thomson.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Turn of the Musical Tide.

It would seem as if a taste for romantic music had come in again with the rage for the ballet, parted hair, cottage bonnets, and shawl-like garments, with all that takes us back to those decades of sentiment and sensibility, the Eighteen-thirties and the Eighteen-forties. For 1830, all over Europe, saw the triumph of the Romantic movement.

Stendhal alone had the courage to write such realistic psychological studies as "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "La Chartreuse de Parme," and even those works were full of improbable romantic adventures. It may be we are on the eve of another revival of sentiment, and that music—that most sensitive of all the arts—is already pointing the way. On every side I hear of a musical reaction in favour of the romantic and melodious. Here it is Mr. Francis Toye, of *Vanity Fair*—a Modern of the Moderns—who boldly proclaims his delight in Gounod's "Faust." There, it is Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has just discovered an Italian composer of the last century called Verdi, "long after," he confesses, "I knew by rote all the themes in 'Tristan' and 'Die Meistersinger,' after 'Pélleas et Mélisande' had ceased to be a novelty in Paris, after even the British discovery of Richard Strauss, and I shall never forget the ravishing effect on me of the first act of 'La Traviata.'" Further proof is afforded by the triumphant success, this season, of the "Tales of Hoffmann," so sumptuously produced by Mr. Thomas Beecham at His Majesty's. The musical dilet-tanti, formerly interested only in Wagner, Strauss, and Debussy, seem frankly allured, in 1910, by the *Ewig Weibliche* which is, in both text and music, the theme of Offenbach's posthumous masterpiece.

The Lords and the Ladies.

Spirited has been the action of Mrs. Bernard Shaw in refusing to make a return of the amount of her income, even to the author of "John Bull's Other Island," who may reasonably be said to have as much interest in the matter as his Majesty's Surveyor of Taxes. Drastic imposts—especially when they are levied, as at present, by the methods of the Inquisition—are naturally resented by that half of the population, all property-owners or wage-earners, who are unrepresented in Parliament, and have, like the Lords, no voice in the voting of them. It is probably by a universal revolt such as Mrs. Bernard Shaw's that the franchise for properly qualified women will be carried. The turn of the screw, in the shape of a wholesale refusal to pay taxes, may bring home to the Government the practical aspect of the question, and one which meetings, processions, assaults, imprisonments, speeches, pamphlets, blood and tears, ridicule and laughter have up to now been powerless to impress on the somewhat obtuse politicians at present in power. John Bull is always sensitive about his pocket, and his female relatives do not forget a fact so important to their aspirations.

"To Be a Child Forever."

The disadvantages of being a millionaire are many and obvious, not the least of which must be reckoned the difficulty of retaining any naïveté and spontaneity, any simple and engaging faith in your contemporaries. Yet the letters of William Beckford, author of "Vathek," owner of Fonthill, and of that hundred thousand a year

which was so fantastic a fortune in 1781, reveal the shy and tender soul of a poet, the lover of birds and beasts, of solitude and music. So Beckford built an abbey with a foolish tower, surrounded his park with a wall twelve feet high to keep his birds and animals in peaceful security, and set to work to write his extraordinary romance "Vathek." What he hated was "county society" and "English phlegm and frostiness," and perhaps the wall at Fonthill was a solid hint that he meant to retire from all chilly Wiltshire amenities and sociabilities. Beckford was a creature who loved all beautiful and living things—except his fellow-man—and the true inwardness of his attitude is revealed in the simple phrase in one of his letters: "Firmly I resolved to be a Child forever." Communings in Kensington Gardens, we remember, led Peter Pan to make the same vow; and, indeed, there is no surer way to keep in joyous contact with Life—to retain a sempiternal interest in furry, feathery people, to keep the child's infinite capacity for finding amusement in simple things.

The Eloquent Irish woman.

Every English person who goes to the Irish plays at the Court Theatre is amazed at the variety, the imagery, and the poetry of these peasants' speech. It would seem as if the more "civilised" we become the more inarticulate we are. An English lout, educated at a Board School, could not conceive, much less utter, the beautiful phrases which, we are told by the Irish dramatists, come naturally enough on to the lips of their lowliest compatriots. Imagine a London housemaid employing the imagery of the young girl in "The Play-Boy of the Western World"! The situation is unthinkable. These peasants depicted by Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory, living solitary and forgotten on the wild coasts which give on to the Atlantic Ocean, use just such a wealth of metaphor, a flowery suaveness of phrase, as the Samoan chiefs who mourned over Robert Louis Stevenson's bier. It is true that their invective, their powers of abuse are equally startling, and they turn from one to the other with a facility which is disquieting. Yet the eloquence of the

women of these plays is amazing, and so, let me hasten to add, is their sound common-sense. To their boasting, blathering, tipsy menkind they assiduously apply the caustic of irony, the wholesome blister of criticism. They are obviously the steady element in Irish family life, and their dirge-like complaints have something akin to the elements, to the autumnal wind and the surging waves which thunder on their native shore.



A PALE-LAVENDER MUSLIN FROCK WITH A DEEP BAND OF EMBROIDERY ROUND THE TUNIC.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

We Dote on the Military.

The world's wife, escorted by Monsieur le Monde, is this week enjoying the Army Pageant. We hope that "Only the brave deserve the fair" will remain good of the weather. The Church got well soaked when it had a pageant. Jupiter Pluvius will perhaps abstain from drenching the sons of Mars. It is interesting to know that a lady, young and of dainty physique, has been responsible for the whole of the dress save the uniforms since the Battle of Naseby, which have been made by Army tailors. She and a staff of helpers have been busy since November and have accomplished a fine thing. The dresses are not only beautiful, but have been acquired remarkably cheaply by this clever lady, Miss Lornia Burn Murdoch, whose knowledge of how to buy is no less wonderful than her eye for colour and her powers of organisation. The Eight Queens in King Arthur's Episode have most effective dresses; so have Great Britain and her daughters in the Grand Finale. The armour, made out of knitted string painted with aluminium paint, is wonderfully effective; the metal headpieces, which did duty once as bowler-hats and are now brimless and metal-painted, are instances of the ingenuity exercised by this mistress of the robes.

Variety in Black Costumes.

Never will such a mass of really beautiful black costumes be seen again, we do most devoutly hope, as those that graced the Royal Enclosure at Ascot last week. They were wonderful and fearful; there was a beauty about them, together with an extraordinary individual becomingness, that one had to admire. The collective result was fearful, and, despite sunshine and cheery surroundings, it was depressing. Lady Londonderry looked splendid in all black. On different days different dresses were worn, and quite a feature of the meeting were black neck-ruffles and black cloaks with cords and tassels. Lady Savile, who is always smartly turned out, wore a dull-black hat trimmed with black grapes and an osprey at one side; a soft satin dress, and a long burnous-shaped crêpe meteor cloak fastened with cords and tassels. The Countess of Londesborough, very tall and very fair, looked well in a dress of crêpe-de-chine, a long chiffon scarf, and a large toque of tulle. A little cluster of white carnations was the sole relief. Many of the dresses had transparent tucked sleeves and yokes; some of the skirts trailed along behind their wearers over the grass; more were quite short, drawn in above the ankles and showing neatly and smartly cased feet, for the most part of quite useful size. The Ascot of 1910 will be remembered for a good many years to come, and if it was enjoyed no one wants another such experience.

Weddings and Dances.

This is a week of weddings—Monday, yesterday, and to-day being occupied with important matrimonial events. That of Viscount Acheson to Miss Mildred Carter yesterday was of great interest socially. The bridegroom is a good-looking man, and heir to the Earldom of Gosford. His father and mother are both in Queen Alexandra's household—the late King and Queen Alexandra attended the weddings of his two sisters, both of which took place in St. George's, Hanover Square, the scene of yesterday's wedding. There also the Earl and Countess of Gosford were married, and the bridegroom's cousin, the

Marchioness of Graham, who, with her mother, Mary Duchess of Hamilton, was present at yesterday's wedding. Louise Duchess of Devonshire, the bridegroom's grandmother, met with an accident recently, falling and breaking an arm. Lord Acheson's two sisters were married from Devonshire House in the lifetime of the late Duke, and the subsequent receptions were exceedingly brilliant. Their Majesties and some other members of the royal family were present. Dorchester House, which was lent by the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid for yesterday's reception, makes a splendid setting for such a scene.

Money to be Won.

Money is never so delightful as when it is won. The proprietors of "Melanyl" marking-ink, which is indelible and requires no heating, offer £100 to be won in two classes. Class A is for a drawing or design, eight by ten inches, executed with Melanyl marking-ink on linen, and adapted for advertising. The first prize is £20, and the others range down to 10s.—six prizes in all. Class B will be for the most artistic specimen of marking on handkerchiefs, the marking to comprise full name and address of competitor, and date. Each entry must be accompanied by the outside wrapper of a shilling bottle of Melanyl, with the sender's name and address, which must reach 7 and 9, Bride Street, E.C., not later than Sept. 30 next. The winning designs become the property of Messrs. Cooper, Dennison, and Walkden, Ltd. Others will be returned if stamped and addressed envelopes are sent by the competitors.

Mitigated Mourning.

Until June is out, the public will wear half-mourning. On "Woman's Ways" page, a drawing will be found of a pale-lavender muslin frock, with a deep band of embroidery round the tunic and round the top of the bodice; square collar and cuffs. The waistband and the little knots at neck and elbow-cuffs are black. July is the month for muslins, and many will be worn then in colour for the river and for the matches at Lord's. Nothing is fresher or prettier than the summer girl, and everyone is glad that before the season has joined the summers of yester-year we shall see her, dainty and smart, with that kind of simplicity which is so taking, because it is apparently unstudied. Whatever may be thought about the becomingness of black to women, girls undoubtedly look their best in white and those pretty colours that seem invented expressly to enhance the charms of youth.



ASCOT, 1910: THE KING'S GOLD VASE.

The vase is a two-handled cup and cover in the 18th century Italian style, with richly chased bands of ornament round the body, cover, and foot, that on the body introducing the rose, shamrock, and thistle. It is surmounted by a lion rampant holding the Royal Arms. It was designed and made by Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd., Goldsmiths to the Crown, 25, Haymarket, S.W.



PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

This silver lion, which has been presented as a mess centrepiece to the officers of the 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Gamble, D.S.O., is an exact model of the bronze lion and pedestal erected in the Forbury Gardens, Reading, in the county town of Berkshire. It commemorates the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 66th Regiment (now the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment) who fell at Maiwand on July 27, 1880. The work was modelled and manufactured by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 220 Regent Street; 158, Oxford Street; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, London.

The Menpes Series of Great Masters has just added thirty-four more pictures to its series. They are numbered from twenty-nine to thirty-eight in the larger series, and from fifty-one to seventy-four in the smaller.

The fascination of Spain has laid hold of Miss Cameron, has kept her at the street-corner, compelled her into the bull-ring and the cockpit, obliged her to ponder the marvellous paint of the Prado, to penetrate the glooms of the cathedrals. Circus, cathedral, and café, peopled with the toreador, the priest, and the dancing-girl, are shown in the series of vigorous pictures at McLean's Gallery, Haymarket. Since Lady Butler first painted arms and the man, we have become accustomed to the battlefields of feminine art; we are no longer shy of the lady who dips her brush in blood-reds. It is her paint, not her sex, that we consider. Miss Cameron has no little strength. To be violent must be the ambition of the painter whose subjects are found in the strenuous passages of Spanish sport. For all her strength, however, Miss Cameron is equally effective when she works in the gentler atmosphere of the church. Her "Dance of the Seises of the Cathedral of Seville," showing the grave, measured movements of the choir-boys, is one of the best pictorial representations we have seen of the famous ceremony.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 27.

THE VOICE OF THE STARS.

DON'T sell British North Borneo properties, rubber or anything else. There is hope for them; hope of a useful and substantial character.

Without giving it as a mere tip, we may say that Bode Rubbers at a florin a share are not likely to hurt anybody who goes in for a few of them as a speculation. With a tenner, or thereabouts, a hundred shares can be picked up. They will probably have to be taken up and forgotten for a while.

The best authorities look for no real revival in Rubber shares until the autumn. Then, they think, we may see the good shares humming again. "The investor's panic is the bear's picnic," as our friend the *Rubber Investor* aptly says.

The Lipton report is disappointing, and unless the chairman makes a definitely hopeful statement on the subject of the Company's Rubber interests—the meeting is on the point of being held—the Ordinary shares ought to be sold.

Land shares, it will have been noticed, are reviving a little. Egyptian Deltas are quite strong. Nigers, on rumours of an increase in the 10 per cent. dividend, are in demand, and several South Americans have come to the fore. These things are worth watching.

Holders of Argentine Great Western 5 per cent. Debenture stock can make a small turn by selling it and buying the new scrip. There is about 10s. per cent. profit to be made on the deal.

The lumber and timber boom will have to hurry up if it is to catch the public before they go away for the holidays. Some people don't believe much in painfully manufactured articles.

Carmen Mines, the shares in which have been tipped a good deal lately, have in their favour a strong financial backing, and a good sporting chance of success, provided the engineers' expectations are realised. It is a Mexican affair.

Investors should observe how dull Buda Pesth 4 per cent. bonds have been of late, although other Continental City issues are being rapidly absorbed. The Buda Pesths are well secured, and cheap. Of course, the City is a little near the storm-centres of the Near East.

As a sound investment, Great Northern (U.S.A.) Railroad Preferred shares at 135 are also worthy the attention of the investor to whom 5½ per cent. on his money is a consideration.

And the premium of ¾ on Pernambuco Fives—which came out at 93½, will probably treble itself before long, in view of the security which exists for this issue.

Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. D. E. W. Gibb, the new City Editor of the *Daily News*, who wrote brilliantly for the *Economist*, and helped considerably in the modernising of that excellent financial weekly.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Who wants to be busy?

(As there is no business going on, one may just as well bluff with Fortune, and play a high card in the first round on the chance of her changing the suit to something more propitious.)

Who wants to be busy? The thing to do at present is to go away on holiday. Let us be off, beyond—

"The smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call London."

I'm sure that Milton, greatest of Londoners, will forgive the trifling alteration. After the rush of the past four months, the sea, the Alps, the anything-but-streets call with compelling voice. We will away.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way."

One wonders casually how the late Mr. Thomas Gray would have described the Stock Exchange could he have spent an hour or so in it on some busy day. Milton knew all about it—

"On a sudden, open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder."

"Th' infernal doors" is quite a happy touch, if you come to think of them in connection with the Stock Exchange. But you must really excuse me searching

for any further more or less inappropriate lines in "Familiar Quotations." I must get on and write Finance, you know. It's all very well, but—

"Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect."

There, that's enough of it. In fact, it wouldn't kill me with astonishment to find this part cut out when I see the finished article after it's been through the gentle hands of my City Editor.

If you care to come for what Kim would have called a *ste-roll* in Mincing Lane, I can show you a chemist's shop where is sold "Rubber Tonic," at the price of, I think, one shilling the bottle. There are a good many people who could do with a few doses of Rubber Tonic rather well, but of a different order to that purveyed by the enterprising chemist in "the Lane." There have been heavy losses amongst people ill able to afford them. I myself know of cases where highly placed officials in London banks have told the managers of suburban branches to buy certain "Penny Bazaar" shares, and to let the clerks do the same. A more risky and dangerous game it is impossible to imagine, and the losses which accrued in consequence of it ought to be made good by the men who went out of their way to foster the wild gamble. There have been more bad debts arising out of dealings for the Special Settlements, in Rubber, during May and early June than out of the whole of ordinary business transactions during the preceding twelve months. Prove it? Ask any broker who has had experience of the penny-a-packet business.

Clients are grumbling very much at the delay in receiving their certificates for shares bought weeks, and possibly months, ago. Of course, the Companies' staffs have been greatly taxed to cope with the sudden rush of extra work, but, after all, the registration of transfers and the preparation of certificates is only clerical work which most men could do after a few hours' experience. The Companies are, no doubt, to blame for a good deal of quite needless delay. Directors are too busy or too lazy to sign certificates. That's one thing. Here's another—come and look at the pencilled sign on a window: "Hush! don't wake the clerks." It is likely enough that, in spite of the satirical solicitude of some office boy, the clerks are working up to the top notch of their energies in that office, but apparently a larger staff is required. Somerset House has quite lately given Mincing Lane a branch stamping-office for transfers, and the Rubber brokers can now get their deeds stamped without vexatious delay. In which matter Somerset House has displayed a spirit of enterprise and a desire to meet the public convenience entirely foreign to its accustomed habit, and I am regretfully driven to the horrid conclusion that there must be gentlemen even in Government offices to whom the word Rubber is not unknown, and who may have even—

"But perish that thought! No, never be it said
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain!
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!"

Oh, by the way, Richard doesn't stand for any particular man in Somerset House, of course; so, Dick, it's no use your bringing libel actions against this paper and my ignoble self, because I take the quotation, *ex* the invaluable Bartlett, from Colley Cibber, 1671-1757.

The Stock Exchange is, for the time being, done. Spell it "dun," if you like, because it amounts to much about the same thing. We are not going to have any more real business until the autumn, and anyone who believes in the chance of a Kaffir, a Rubber, or a Yankee boom on this side of next Michaelmas Day might easily believe in early dividend announcements in respect of Selukwe, Christineville, or Erie Common shares. The current batch of Kaffir dividends is of singularly mixed character. You can't call them good, and you can't say they're bad; but anyway, they are neither good enough nor bad enough to influence prices at all strongly, so accordingly they serve simply to underline the prevailing tendency of the market to droop. There are a good many of us who would like to see a thorough shake-out in Kaffirs, since a sensible drop would have the effect of drawing much fresh buying. After all's said and done, East Rands, with their steady 40 per cent. dividend, must be considered cheap at anything like 4½. Rand Mines would look very attractive at 8, and so would Randfontein at 1½. It does not look as if these prices are going to be touched, but if they are, then we shall have a good base from which to start a new Kaffir boom. Maybe West Africans will have a flick-up in the autumn—if not before, should the big people take advantage of summer quietude to demonstrate bullishly and cheaply. That unlucky Ashanti Quartzite affair did a lot of harm. So far as careful investigation is able to say, there is not the shadow of doubt but that the mistake was a pure accident, and of a kind liable to arise in the case of any Company using codes. But it created a bad impression and a temporary prejudice against the West African Market as a whole. Personally, I should fancy, from what I hear from the Gold Coast by people who ought to know, that Quartzite are a good sporting gamble at three-and-six or thereabouts.

I'm going. Yes I am. It's no use your trying to make me waste any more of your time, or my own. The only sects in this world who can really waste time artistically are women and journalists. I have known many of both, but never a one who had the slightest idea of the actual value of time. Any journalist will cheerfully spend ten to twenty minutes telling you that he hasn't a second to spare. I am catching the complaint, but still, it's so hard to drag oneself away—

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!"

Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie! You should really have left those lines to have been written by your otherwise so ardent admirer,
THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE LAW GUARANTEE SOCIETY.

One of our evening contemporaries has of late been heading an agitation for a public inquiry into the management and failure of this Society, and has succeeded in forming a committee of shareholders to press forward the movement. We have not the slightest objection to the holding of a public inquiry, and if we were unfortunate shareholders in the Society, we should most certainly join the movement—not because we believe any good would come of it in the shape of relief to us as victims, but because by the confiding stupidity of the directors our money has been lost, and we might as well have their scalps to show for it; but, after all, it does not seem to us that it is a shareholders' question at all. The Society is in liquidation, and there is not the least chance of the creditors getting paid in full, so that all the cost of any public inquiry will fall upon them, and surely it is for them to say whether they will allow the assets to which they look for payment of their debts to be used in public inquiries, lawyers' fees, and such-like luxuries.

The position is very simple. For years the Society was run by the Ronald family. The father was general manager; the son, valuer

and surveyor; and other members of the family connected with its executive. The directors had implicit faith in the Ronalds, and if these worthy gentlemen called the commonest duck a swan, the Society backed the deception with its money.

You may blame—and rightly blame—the directors for this; but, after all, three years of Liberal Government, ending with the famous Budget of Mr. Lloyd George, which finally completed the ruin of public-house values, have had as much to do with the smash as anything else, and, as creditors, we do not think we should see a sufficient prospect of recovering anything to justify the expenditure of a large sum of our money on a public inquiry, which could only be obtained if a compulsory liquidation were ordered. It really is a creditors' winding-up, and while the shareholders may rightly desire the most searching inquiry, and have nothing to lose by a compulsory winding-up—since they will get nothing—the creditors may well pause before committing themselves to such a course, which would probably penalise them heavily.

The question of the call has now been settled by the Judge, so there is little more to say on that subject, except that no public, private, or other inquiry will make the smallest difference to the shareholders' liability. It was a great pity that the two questions ever got mixed up.

CANADIAN FARM LANDS.

The success which has attended the principal Canadian Land Companies has naturally called attention to this form of investment, and we hear that a new Company, under the title of "Canadian Farm Lands, Ltd.," is about to make its appearance under powerful auspices and with a strong Scottish and North of England backing. Primarily the Company is to acquire 71,000 acres of agricultural land in Western Canada, and the right to select 75,000 further acres from the land grants made to the Canadian Northern Railway.

It is the Company's intention to place partially improved farms on the market, and, with the rush which during the last two years has prevailed for farms in the great grain-growing districts of Western Canada, the Company's success, if managed with prudence, should be assured.

The purchase price will range from 47s. 5d. to 45s. 3d. an acre, and two independent reports have been made to the directors on the nature and suitability of the lands for farming purposes. The directors will not go to allotment until 210,000 shares have been applied for; but as these, we understand, have been underwritten, there is no doubt of the Company being carried through—indeed, we fully expect to see the issue largely over-subscribed.

Saturday, June 18, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. F. H.—We think the Company is likely to pay, and the worst thing we know against it is the puffing which has gone on. There are said to be over 14,000 tappable trees, and 26,000 others now planted. The notices of the Company which appeared in our columns after the Correspondence were not intended to represent the editorial opinion. See last week's Notes.

EVA.—A self-evident swindle. How can you be so silly as to believe that with £5 you can make 10s. a month?

A. S. C.—The Company has been too much puffed, and we advise you not to touch the shares.

LAW.—See this week's Notes. As a shareholder you may just as well go for a public inquiry, which will cost you nothing.

IVY.—We have either not been able to read the name of No. 2 on your list correctly, or can obtain no information. Of the Rubbers, No. 3 seems to be rather a market tip, although we have no faith in it.

RICHARD.—(1) Unsaleable, we fear. If you can find a buyer, let the shares go and cut your loss. (2) Pernambuco Bonds at about 94 for cash seems the very thing you are looking for to replace the Japanese Loan paid off.

W. J. T.—(1) Better hold on the chance of the Blackwater Mine turning out well. (2) A fair risk. (3) The shares are low because the future depends on a new property, the old being of little further value.

D. B.—We never write private answers except in accordance with Rule 5. At present City of Pernambuco 5 per cent. bonds at about 94 are the cheapest investment we know, with every prospect of improvement in capital value. Buy three and put the rest into Sanitas shares.

SUPPLY.—The bonds, if genuine, are of value. Write to Nathan Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, who will tell you the value, sell for you if you wish, and know if the series and numbers given are genuine.

CORNS.—We should hold, as all are fair Companies.

GLAUCUS.—The shares are a very good investment.

W. T. C. W.—We know little of the Company, but the shares would not suit us to hold.

We are requested to state that the transfer books of Mappin and Webb, 1908, Limited, so far as relates to the 4½ per cent Mortgage Debenture Stock, will be closed from the 17th to the 30th instant, both inclusive.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.


At Newbury I like Admiral Togo III. for the Cup, Nicola for the Berkshire Stakes. At Newcastle, Helot may win the Perkins Plate, Elizabetta the Northumberland Plate, and Stolen Kiss the Gosforth Cup. At Folkestone, St. Lucia colt may win the Three-Year-Old Handicap and Paltry the Stanford Stakes. These may run well at Sandown: New Stand Handicap, The Best; Foal Stakes, Greenback; Wellington Handicap, Sea Trip; British Dominion Plate, Lousby.



UMPH!

SHAKE AS MUCH
AS NEEDED ON
THE SOILED PART

TRI-UMPH!



HALL'S

Sanitary Washable

DISTEMPER

(TRADE MARK)

The NURSERY

Remember, especially about the Nursery, that "where the sun does not come, the Doctor will."

Have sunshine in the Nursery because sunlight kills the germs of disease as well as purifies and warms the room. (Hall's Distemper decoration invites the sunlight—unlike wall paper or paint it never fades or discolours).

The Nursery walls should be a' solutely smooth and impervious, and the colour scheme a light tint. Greyish green is an ideal shade, and good for the children's eyesight; the lower three feet of the walls should have a darker shade of the same colour, to soften the light on the level of the eyes.

Secure the ideal Nursery walls by decorating with Hall's Distemper. Varnishing the lower part gives additional resistance to wear and tear, and darkens the shade to the desired extent. Hall's Distemper kills all microbes, vermin, etc. It is quickly applied with a whitewash brush, cheap to renew, and entirely free from the objectionable smell of paint. 70 colours to select from.

Write to day for sample, shade card, and beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "How to Decorate Your Home," shewing, in colours, how to artistically decorate every room of the house. Sent post free from the Sole Manufacturers:—

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., LTD., HULL. London Office: 199^B, Borough High Street, S.E.



THE

Star

SAFETY RAZOR

Over **SEVEN MILLIONS** Sold & in use throughout the world.

No. 1 Razor, 5/6
No. 2 Extra Blade, 3/-
No. 26 Diagonal Strop, 3/6

4500 SHAVES WITH ONE STAR BLADE

COPY OF ONE OF OUR MANY TESTIMONIALS:

Great Missenden, Bucks.
It may, perhaps, interest you to know that in June, 1891, I purchased one of the KAMPE SAFETY RAZORS, and since then have shaved myself with it up to the present, upwards of 4500 times, and although the blade is rather worn with repeated croppings, it shaves to-day as well as when I bought it.
Yours truly,
Write for Illustrated Catalogue
Of all Cutlers and Silversmiths.

THE VALUE IS IN THE BLADE.

MARKT & CO. (LONDON) Ltd., Dept. S, 8, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

"UNBREAKO",

(REGISTERED NO 317697)

TRUNKS

IN FRONT OF ALL OTHERS



EVERY TRUNK GUARANTEED

Absolutely reliable. The finest Trunks ever made for Continental travel.
From all Stores and Dealers everywhere.
Wholesale only: **23, FEATHERSTONE ST., LONDON, E.C.**
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET OF POINTS.

FOUNDED 1773

Contractors to H.M. Government

Spring Season

MORTIMER BROS

THE LEADING DYERS & DRY CLEANERS

PLYMOUTH.

West End Office: 75, DUKE ST GROSVENOR SQ.

IDRIS GINGER ALE

The Secret of Strength

at this time of year is Wincarnis. Wincarnis kindles anew the lamp of life in the sick and ailing, by building up wasted tissues, increasing the circulation of the blood, strengthening the heart and other organs of the body, giving life and vitality to the whole human frame. The

Vital Force

that Wincarnis brings to the tired, languid, and jaded body at this time of year cannot be over-estimated. The heat makes us limp and lifeless, without energy or vigour—but Wincarnis quickly dispels this state of health, rouses every organ to healthy action, creates appetite, and

Refreshes Body & Brain

If you have never experienced the delightful feeling of buoyancy and strength that Wincarnis will surely give you, send your name and address, with 3d. to cover carriage, to Coleman and Co., Ltd., 145, 382, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and we will send you a trial bottle, so that you can

Test It Free

After Free Trial you can buy Wincarnis from all who have a wine license.

*Wincarnis and Sodawater is Delicious
Take Wincarnis & Push the World Along*



WINCARNIS
Replenishes the
Lamp of Life.

What's the time?
Time for my appetizer, a glass of

Wolfe's Schnapps

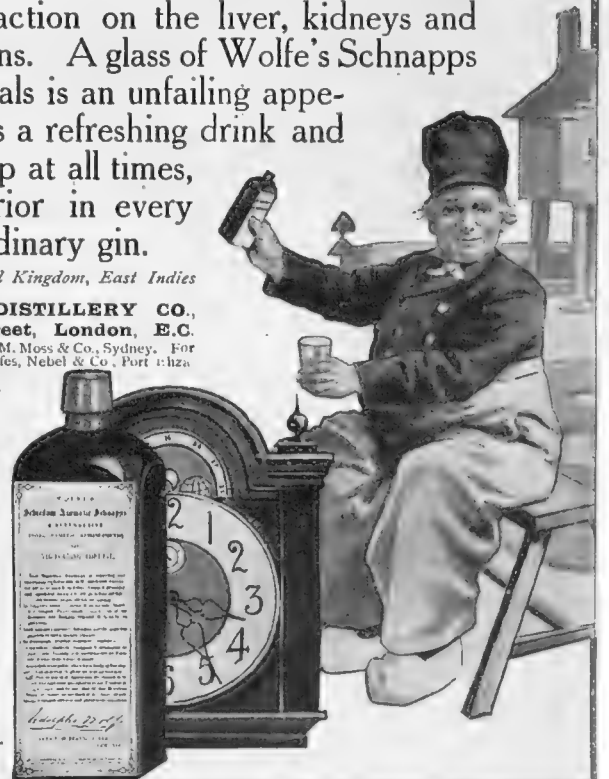
It is the most wholesome and the purest spirit obtainable. It is not only a most palatable stimulant but is a real health tonic, owing to its cleansing action on the liver, kidneys and other organs. A glass of Wolfe's Schnapps before meals is an unfailing appetiser; it is a refreshing drink and pick-me-up at all times, and superior in every way to ordinary gin.

Agents for United Kingdom, East Indies and Ceylon:

FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO.,
Moreland Street, London, E.C.

For AUSTRALASIA: M. Moss & Co., Sydney. For SOUTH AFRICA: Kollies, Nebel & Co., Port Elizabeth, and E. K. Green & Co., Cape Town. For INDIA: C. F. Kellner & Co., Calcutta; Oakes & Co., Ltd., Madras; Nusserwanjee & Co., Karachi and Lahore. For MEXICO: M. Zapata M. Merida, Yucatan. For CUBA: Michaelsen & Frasse, Obapia, 18, Havana. For ARGENTINE: J. F. Macadan & Co., Buenos Aires. For CANADA: T. COLLCUTT & Co., Homer Street, Vancouver, B.C. For the Federated Malay States and Straits Settlements: Messrs. A. C. Harper & Co., Kuala Lumpur, & for Burma, Messrs. A. Scott & Co., Rangoon.

Udolpho Wolfe Co.
New York.



THE Royal Agricultural Show; and LIVERPOOL

THE ARMY PAGEANT AT FULHAM PALACE

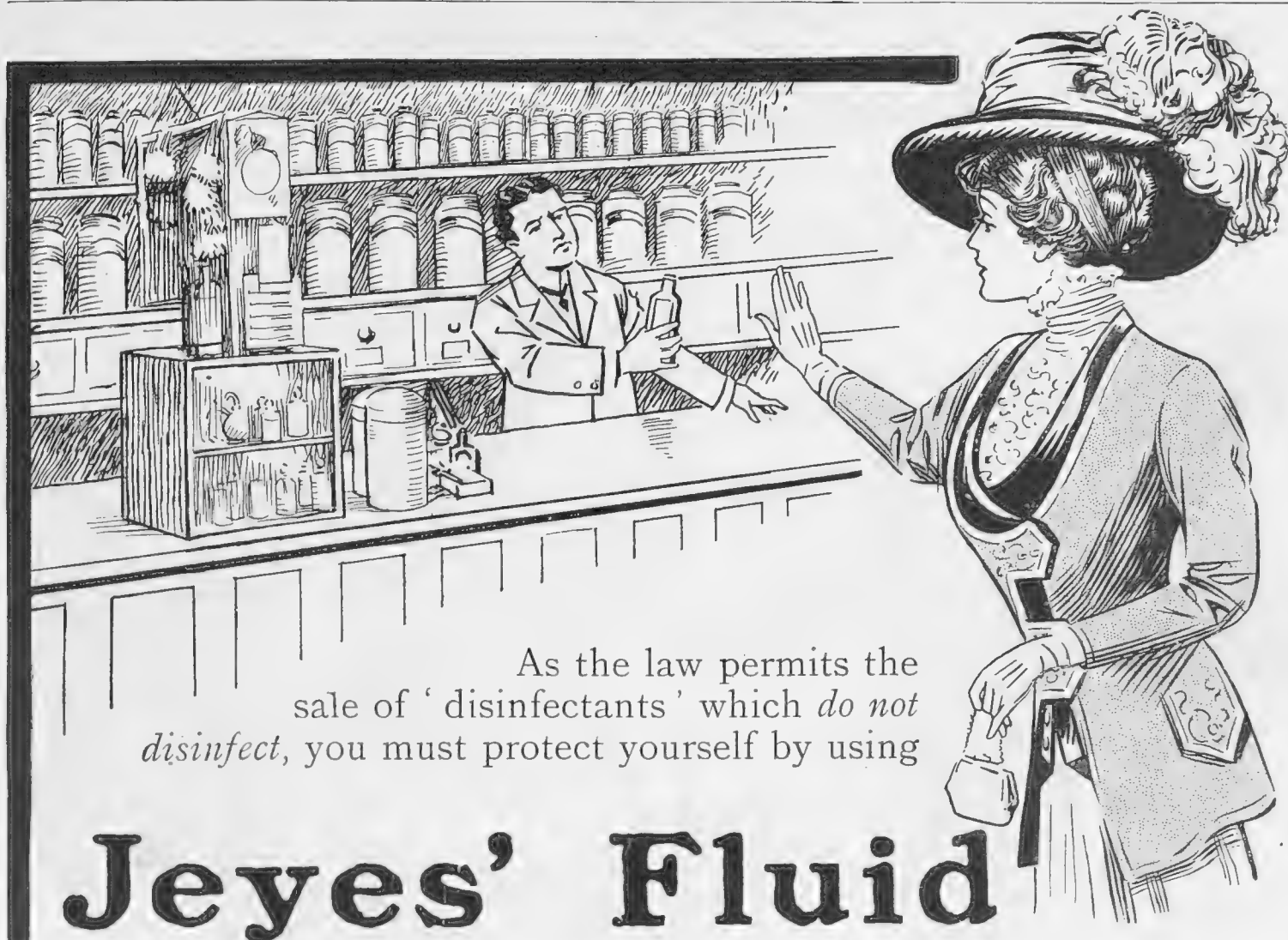
FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

See the

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JUNE 25

PRICE SIXPENCE.



As the law permits the sale of 'disinfectants' which *do not disinfect*, you must protect yourself by using

Jeyes' Fluid

—for 30 years recommended by the Medical Profession.

Beware of all sweet-smelling 'disinfectants' which do not disinfect.

Jeyes are the only disinfectants supplied by Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

W. HARBROW IRON BUILDING WORKS SOUTH BERMONDSEY S.E.

Telephone—Hop. 17.

Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Design 139a.

Contains Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Three Bed-Rooms, and usual Offices.

Constructed of Timber Framework, Roofing Red Diagonal Asbestos Tiles, Walls "Rough Cast" Plastering.

Price £280

Including Foundations, Chimneys, and Fittings.



100-Page Catalogue of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Stores, Billiard Rooms, Cottages, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Hospitals, Pavilions, Drill Halls, Rifle Ranges, Halls, &c. POST FREE upon mentioning this publication.

AEROPLANE SHEDS AND SKATING RINKS A SPECIALITY.

Special Export Catalogue. Buildings Shipped and Erected in all Parts.

Manufacturer of every description of Joinery and Church Furniture.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Doctors Say There is a Harmless, Safe, and Sure Way to Remove it.

Dr. F. A. Starbuck says: "I Feel Justified in Making the Assertion that it is the Only Successful Method of Removing Hair."

Every woman who is afflicted with superfluous hair will undoubtedly be glad to know that there is but one proper and logical method of getting rid of this most annoying and embarrassing disfigurement.

The best authorities in the medical profession agree that De Miracle will destroy hair successfully, although there are many other unreliable things which claim to do it. The success which has attended this preparation as a means of removing hair is based upon the method by which it works. It is a purely scientific principle, and totally different from the pastes and powders and other remedies which simply break off the hair in the same way that the razor does, making the hair when it grows out again heavier than before.

As far as the electric needle or X-ray is concerned, both are not only unsatisfactory, but dangerous as well. The scars and burns of the electric needle last for a lifetime, and the dangers of the X-ray are indeed serious.

De Miracle may be used without any inconvenience or danger of any kind. The method by which it removes hair should not be classed or confused with that of the fake free treatments which are advertised so extensively in the newspapers.

Remember, De Miracle is the only method for removing hair which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals, and prominent magazines.

We shall be pleased, indeed, to send you absolutely free, in plain sealed envelope, a 54-page booklet containing full information concerning this remarkable treatment, as well as testimonials of prominent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals, and the principal magazines. You should read this booklet before you try anything. It treats the subject exhaustively. Write to the De Miracle Chemical Co. (Dept. 178 J), 65 to 69, Mount Pleasant, Holborn, W.C., simply saying you want this booklet, and it will be mailed, sealed, at once.

Wedding Gifts

Heretofore, inkstands and fancy penholders have been conspicuous by reason of their duplication. Nowadays the Popular Gift is an Up-to-Date

"SWAN" Fountainpen

In Silver, 18-ct. Rolled Gold, or Solid Gold.

Can you imagine a more desirable Gift from the respective points of view of recipient or donor?

A "SWAN" is Dainty, Useful and Lasting, and sure to be appreciated by **Bride, Groom, Maid, or Man—**

**GIVE
"SWAN"
FOUNT-
PENS!**

Keep our Catalogue by you for reference. **Post Free** — on — request.

Gold "SWANS" are rich gifts:—

The prices are **Five Guineas** plain, up to **£20**, set with precious stones. One often sees more money spent on gifts which have no manner of practical use, while a Gold "Swan" will convey a high compliment with practical help.

MABIE, TODD & CO.,

79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.

BRANCHES—93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent Street, W.
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER. 10, Rue Neuve, BRUSSELS.
Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS. And at New York and CHICAGO.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.



The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company

FOR WEDDING GIFTS.

"THE DRESSING CASE MAKERS"

SHOWROOMS:

125 & 126, FENCHURCH ST., CITY.

WEST END, 188, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.



£9 10s.

Beautifully Finished Solid Leather Case, 16 inches long, lined Watered Silk, and fitted with Chased Sterling Silver Toilet Fittings, as illustrated, £9 10 0

The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company are the largest **ACTUAL MAKERS** of DRESSING CASES in the World.

Write for large Pictorial Dressing Case Catalogue, post free.

CASES MADE TO CUSTOMER'S OWN FITTINGS, ESTIMATES POST FREE.



£21

Handsome Morocco Leather Case, 20 inches long, lined with rich Silk, luxuriously fitted with MASSIVE STERLING SILVER mounted Toilet Bottles, Brushes, etc., of the LATEST DESIGN, with every necessary for the Toilet and Travelling, £21 complete with cover.

ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH.

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES, TWICE DAILY, EXCEPT SATURDAYS. THE "SOUTHERN BELLE," Pullman Express, leaves Victoria at 11 a.m. and 3.10 p.m. (except Sats.), Sundays 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Leaves Brighton 12.20 p.m. (except Sats.), and 5.45 p.m. on Week-days and 5 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Sundays. Single Ticket, 9s. 6d.; Day Return Ticket, 12s.

EASTBOURNE IN 1½ HOURS by Pullman Limited, every Sunday from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Returning at 5.15 p.m. Single Ticket, 11s. 6d.; Day Return Ticket, 12s. 6d.

FREQUENT FAST TRAINS (1, 2, 3 Class) AND WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS from Victoria, London Bridge, and Kensington (Addison Road).

TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORKING	Fast Trains, Week-days to Brighton from Victoria 9.10, 9.11, 11.40 a.m., 1 (Sats. only), 1.55, 3.10 (not Sats.), 3.40, 4.30, 5.45, 6.35, 7.15, and 9.50 p.m.; also from London Bridge, 9.5, 10.50, 11.50 a.m., 1.20 (Sats. only), 2, 4, 5, 6, and 7.20 p.m.
EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Fast Trains leave Victoria at 9.45 a.m., 12, 1.25, 3.20, 5.20, 6.45, and 9.50 p.m.; London Bridge 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., 2, 4.5, 5.5, 7, and 9.13 p.m. Week-days. Trains to Eastbourne only from Victoria 9 a.m. (not Mons), 11.15 a.m., 5.45, and 7.40 p.m. Week-days.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Fast Trains leave Victoria 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.40, 3.55, 4.53, and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.50, 4.50, and 7.18 p.m. Week-days. † Not to Hayling Island or Isle of Wight.

Details of Superintendent of Line, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

South Eastern & Chatham Railway

FOLKESTONE RACES,

THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

LEAVING		LEAVING	
CHARING CROSS ...	10 ⁵⁵ 11 ²⁰ 10 ²⁵ 11 ¹² 10 ²⁸ 11 ¹ 11 ¹⁷ 10 ³⁴ 10 ⁴³ 10 ¹³ 10 ³⁵ 11 ² 11 ¹⁶ 11 ³⁰ 9 ⁵⁴ 10 ¹⁰ 10 ⁵³ 11 ⁰	MAIDSTONE WEST ...	11 27
WATERLOO ...		ASHFORD ...	12 22
LONDON BRIDGE ...		HASTINGS ...	11 20
NEW CROSS ...		TUNBRIDGE WELLS ...	11 18
EAST CROYDON ...		BRIGHTON ...	9 50
RED HILL ...		LEWES ...	10 10
EDENBRIDGE ...		EASTBOURNE ...	10 25
PENSHURST ...		MARGATE SANDS ...	11 5
TONBRIDGE ...		RAMSGATE TOWN ...	11 15
DARTFORD ...		CANTERBURY WEST ...	11 55
GRAVESEND CENTRAL ...		DOVER TOWN ...	12 0
CHATHAM (M.L.) ...		FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ...	12 11
STROOD (N.K.) ...		FOLKESTONE CENTRAL ...	12 15
		SHORNCLIFFE ...	12 33
			12 10
			12 30

* Club Train, First Class only, including admission to the Course and Reserved Enclosure, 20s.; not including admission, 8s.

† Third Class only, and Return Day Fare, 6s.

‡ First Class only.

The Third Class Fares (except from Folkestone, Shorncliffe, and L.B. and S.C. Stations) include admission to the Course. The First Class Fares do not include admission.

Special Trains will be run to London and principal Stations after the Races.

For Return Day Fares from the above and certain other Country Stations, see Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

THE Cornish Riviera CALLS YOU

to Sunshine
and Pleasure.

Apply to Mr. J. MORRIS, Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W., for the "Cornish Riviera" Illustrated Travel Book, post free, 6d.

JAMES C. INGLIS,
General Manager.



Why be so fat?

Excess fat is a disease. It is caused by imperfect assimilation of food. Nutrient which should go into muscle, sinew, bone, brain, and nerve does not go there, but piles up in the form of superfluous fat, which clogs the human machinery, and compresses the vital organs of the body, and endangers health and life.

The FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION'S Treatment, taken before meals, compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutrient where it belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue out of excess fat, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition, and enables the heart to act freely, and the lungs to expand naturally, and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner.

Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight, **FREE TRIALS** are given. If you want one, send the Association your name, and stamp to pay postage. It costs you nothing to try it. Each box is sent in a plain sealed package, with no advertisement to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address: Fell Formula Association, 374, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page h.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Miss Phyllis Dare	331	The Love-Letter	vii	"Charming woman can true converts make"	368	Fright and Flight	382
Motley Notes	332	When Hearts are Trumps	355	Pensive Beauty	369	Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiers	383
Black Ascot and a Royal Ascot	333	"Fidelity"	356	Sparkling Burgundy	370	Miss F. Cameron	383
The Army Pageant	334	"The Girl with the Doves"	357	"Wind"	371-372	Mrs. Douglas Malcolm	383
Mrs. Henry Hohler as Joan of Arc	335	The Lady of Japan the Ideal	358	Russian Dancers in Statuette Form	373	The Duchess of Devonshire	384
The Clubman	337	The Lady of Japan: the Real	359	The Giraffe Born at the "Zoo"	374	Miss Eleanor Butler Alexander	384
The Major Catch and the Minor Catch	337	Ready for a Love Set	360	Small Talk	375	Mr. Theodore Roosevelt junior	384
Mr. J. A. St. G. Robertson	337	The Bath of Psyche	361	Miss Jacqueline Alexander	375	World's Whispers	384
The Removal of the "Love Bridge"	337	A Beauty of the Days of our Grandmothers	362	Mrs. Quentin Dick	375	Lady Roche—Miss Nora Parker	384
Cuff Comments	338	"The Golden Time of Youthful Prime"	i	Mrs. Nat Goodwin	375	Mr. John Horace Johnstone	384
"Glass Houses," at the Globe	339	Silver and Grey	ii, iii	Keynotes	376	Miss Alison Raffles Flint	384
The Stage from the Stalls	340	Gooseberry	iv, v	Mme. Yvette Guilbert	376	Miss Phyllis Sherwood Hoblyn	384
Miss Isabel Jay	340	"Dare you haunt our hallowed green?"	vi	The Choir of the Gibraltar Cathedral	376	Mr. David Brown	384
Mr. Frank Curzon	340	"None but fairies here are seen"	vii	Cracks of the Whip	380	Miss Ida Martin	384
Our Wonderful World	341	The Incarnation of England's Loveliest Season	viii	Mrs. Drummond	380	Mr. Ronald G. Cruickshank	384
"A Big Fleet Operation"	342-345	A Beauty of To-day	363	The Dash from the Enemy	380	Woman's Ways	385
The Day: the Germans Come	346-350	"Sweet, wild, and artless all"	364	In Their Habits as They Ride	380	The Woman-About-Town	386
"The Seeker of Wisdom"	351-353	Very Woman	365	On the Links	381	City Notes	387, 388
The Literary Lounger	354	The Child of the Stream	366	Politicians at Play	381	Wheel and Wing (continued)	xxii
"Fidelity"	354	The Child of the Forest	367	The Wheel and the Wing	382	Concerning New Novels	f
"The Girl with the Doves"	354			Anchorage for Aeroplanes	382	General Notes	h

"PERFECT SAFETY."

Gold Watch Bracelets
(Lever Movements).

J. W. BENSON, LTD.,

Have made a special study of these charming ornaments, and their "Perfect Safety" Bracelets now contain many important improvements to be found only in their make. They fit any size wrist, and are made in several qualities from £6, set with Gems, from £17, or in silver cases with leather strap, from £2 10s. Sold at strictly Moderate Prices for Cash, or on "The Times" System of MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Illustrated Books, post free. No. 1, Watches, Expanding Bracelets, Rings, Jewels, &c. No. 2, Plate, Clocks, Silver Goods, &c., or a selection will be sent to intending buyers at our Risk and Expense.

J. W. BENSON, Ltd., 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
25, OLD BOND ST., W., AND 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

EST. 20 YEARS. 10 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL

ONLY MAKER OF THE "H.H." IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"

21 RIDING BREECHES

(Exact Materials as sold for 2 & 3 guineas.)

Split Fall or Fly Front
Knee or Button Knees
Cut as Hunting
Breeches, very clean
t. knees. BEST
FITTING & VALUE
BREECHES MADE.
For Riding, Shooting,
Walking, Golfing,
Fishing, Motoring, &c.
In Riding & Bedford
Cords, Real Harris &
Scottish Tweeds,
Sheppards' Checks, &
"H.H." FAMOUS
GARBETTE
(Thorn, Rainproofed,
& Washable.)

SUITS & OVERCOATS
(in great variety) fr. 50/
Perfect fit guaranteed
for all garments
from our Simple Self-
Measurement Form.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

205, OXFORD ST., W. (near Oxford Circus.)
21-31, ELDON ST., Liverpool St., E.C.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for Breeches,
Coats, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

Poudre d'Amour

PRICE 1/- PER BOX

In four Tints, BLANCHE, NATURELLE, ROSE & RACHEL.

FOR THE COMPLEXION & TOILET

ALSO FOR THE NURSERY and roughness of the Skin.

HYGIENIC & PREPARED with PURE & HARMLESS MATERIALS OF ALL PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS &c.

WHOLESALE R HOVENDEN & SONS LTD LONDON.

Fisher's

"Genuine" Ladies' Tailors,

215, 217, 219, Regent St., W.

Summer Frocks,
Race & River Dresses
Travelling Coats
Blouses &c., &c.

Specially designed Models and Exclusive Cloths of the correct Shades and Colourings for present wear.

A CALL INVITED or Patterns and Sketches, with Self-Measure Form, sent promptly on application.

Fisher's

215, 217, 219, Regent St., W.



Gown, as Sketch, from £8 18 6

BOURNEMOUTH CENTENARY, July 6-16.

Grandest Series of Fêtes ever organised in Great Britain. Fêtes Fund, £30,000.

Two Battles of Flowers, Special Prizes offered for the best Decorated Cars coming from different districts in Gt. Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, United States, &c. International Prize. Two Carnivals. Reproduced as at Nice, in which "Chantecler," the "Char" which obtained the 500 franc first prize at Nice, will take part. Naval and Military Tournament, International Athletic Sports, Fire Brigade Demonstration, Motor Gymkhana, Grand "Young England" Day, Military Tattoos, Grand Pyrotechnic Displays, Motor Boat Regatta, Cafés Chantants, Bals Masqués, &c., &c. Magnificent Concerts, for which the following renowned Artists have been engaged: Madame Melba, Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Robt. Maitland, Messrs. Mischa Elman, Backhaus, Zimbalist, Pachmann, &c. Grand Concert of British Music, at which Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and Mr. Edward German, will conduct. Troupes of Alpine Singers and Dancers. Bands of H.M. Coldstream Guards, 7th Hussars, &c. Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra—Director, Mr. Dan Godfrey.

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL AVIATION MEETING
in the British Isles under the auspices of the Royal Aero Club, representing the Federation Aéronautique Internationale. £8000 Cash Prizes.

Write for DETAILED PROGRAMME and GUIDE free from Centenary Offices, Bournemouth, or Bournemouth Bureau, 3, Regent St., London, S.W. Tickets from Keith Prowse & Co.'s, Branches.

ENQUIRIES FOR ACCOMMODATION should be made to the OFFICIAL ENQUIRY BUREAU, RICHMOND CHAMBERS, THE SQUARE, BOURNEMOUTH.

THE POPULAR SCOTCH:

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

THE WORLD FAMED

"Angelus" PLAYER-PIANOS

AS PURCHASED BY ROYALTY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICIANS

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO H.M. THE KING OF GREECE.

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



THE MELODANT
The Wonderful New Expression Device

THE PHRASING LEVER
Gives Freedom And Individuality To The Performer

The extraordinary success and popularity of the Angelus Player-Pianos is undoubtedly due to their artistic supremacy and moderate prices.

The perfection to which the Angelus has been brought has been, and still is, the despair of the many who have sought to copy its marvellous mechanism.

The exclusive patented expression-devices include the **MELODANT**, which accentuates the melody or theme of the composition; the

PHRASING LEVER, controlling every variation of tempo; the

ARTISTYLE, the infallible guide to musical rendition, incorporates into one line the variations of tempo, touch, and expression. The simplicity, completeness, and effectiveness of the expression-devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in producing an artistic rendering of the world's best music.

The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous Brinsmead, Marshall and Rose, Winkelmann, &c.



Kindly call or write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 4.

J. Herbert Marshall.

Dep't 4 Angelus Hall, Regent House, 233, REGENT ST. LONDON, W.



TRAVELLING COMFORT.

The Bottom of our Patent "Eureka" Trunk is as accessible as the Top. Any article is instantly get-at-able, and can be removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Separate compartments for Linen, Under and Outer Garments, Articles of Toilet, Hats, Boots, &c. It carries garments in perfect order and economises space. Drawers divided to suit customers' requirements.

Write for Booklet.
"Trunks for Travellers," No. 13,
Sole Makers—
J. FOOT & SON, LTD.
(Dept T 13),
171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.



A NEST FOR REST.

An ideal Easy Chair that can instantly be converted into a most luxurious Lounge or Couch. Simply press the button and the back will decline, or automatically rise to any desired position. The arms are hinged and open outwards, affording easy access and exit.



Press the button—that's all.

The Leg Rest is adjustable and can also be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue "C" 13 of Adjustable Chairs and Couches Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON LTD.
171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

"The Burlington" (Patented.)



By Royal Warrant.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

Famous the World over for
DESIGN, QUALITY, VALUE.

LTD.



THE COMPANY'S SEVEN-POUND CANTEEN.



LIST OF CONTENTS.

- 9 Table Forks.
- 6 Table Spoons.
- 6 Dessert Spoons.
- 6 Dessert Forks.
- 6 Tea Spoons.
- 6 Egg Spoons.
- 4 Salt Spoons.
- 1 Mustard Spoon.
- 2 Sauce Ladles.
- 1 Pickle Fork.
- 1 Sugar Spoon.
- 1 Sugar Tongs.
- 1 Butter Knife.
- 1 Soup Ladle.

Best Polished Oak Case.

COMPLETE **£7 0 0**

REGENT PLATE.

THE FINEST
SUBSTITUTE

IN
THE WORLD
FOR
SOLID SILVER.

Best Polished Oak Case,
fitted complete with
Regent Plate Spoons and Forks,
the finest substitute in the world
for solid silver, and highest
quality manufactured.

COMPARE
PRICES
AND
QUALITY.

WEDDING
AND
BIRTHDAY
PRESENTS.

CANTEENS
OF
SOLID SILVER
AND
REGENT PLATE
IN STOCK
FROM
£7 TO £100.

SAMPLES SENT
POST FREE
ON APPLICATION.

ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

THE PUBLIC SUPPLIED DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES.

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

When All Else is Forgotten: The Love-Letter.



"DEAREST —"

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



THE . . Pianola Piano =

(Steinway, Weber or Steck Piano)

The value of a musical instrument depends entirely on its usefulness to you as a means of producing music.

IN the Piano the household possesses an instrument that should be productive of unlimited pleasure and entertainment. But in innumerable instances this is a form of enjoyment which exists only in theory, for not one member of the family is gifted with the ability to put it in practice.

The Pianola Piano removes all the difficulties of music-production, and makes it an easy matter for you to play and study all pianoforte compositions. You know, of course, that the Pianola Piano can be played either by hand or by music rolls. The music roll does nothing more than ensure the correct notes being struck; everything beyond that lies completely at your direction. To assist you in the proper rendering of music two unique and essential devices, the Metrostyle and Themodist, have been added to the Pianola idea as originally conceived. These two inventions cannot be obtained in any other piano but the Pianola Piano.

The Metrostyle shows you how to render an unfamiliar composition. Great composers and pianists, recognising the immense value of the Metrostyle, have specially provided interpretations which can be reproduced by anyone with the aid of the Metrostyle. Thus you can play a Chopin Nocturne at exactly the same rhythm and tempo as Paderewski has actually played it. The Metrostyle is not in any way arbitrary, for you can make use of it or not, just as you please. The Themodist, the perfect accenting device, subdues the accompaniment and accents the melody notes wherever they may occur. Thus, if the melody note is in the middle of a chord, it will stand out clearly and distinctly from the other notes comprising the chord.

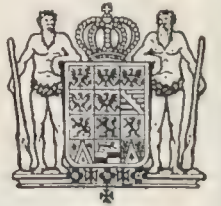
You can purchase the Pianola Piano for cash or on the Deferred Payment System, whichever you prefer. We will allow you full value for your present instrument if you care to exchange it.

Catalogue "N" gives full particulars. Write for it.



**THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,
AEOLIAN HALL,**

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

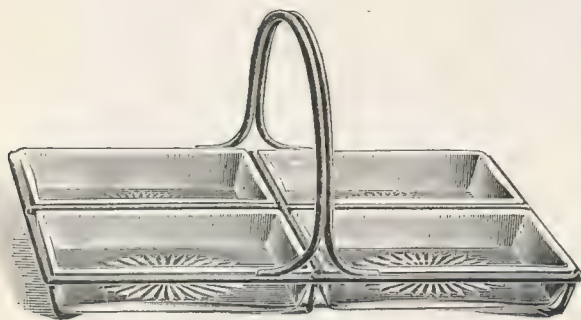


Wilson & Gill "THE GOLDSMITHS," 139 & 141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Telephone : 3011 Central.

Telegraphic Address: "WILANGIL, LONDON."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

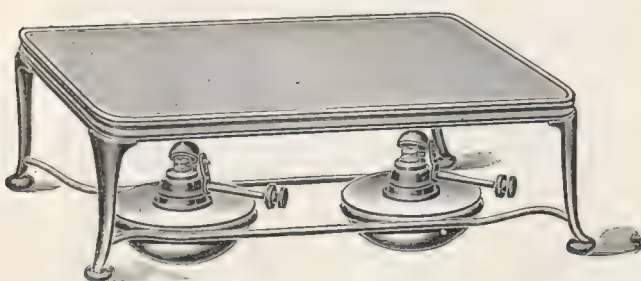


Best Electro-plated Hors d'Oeuvre Stand, with four Cut Crystal Dishes and Knife and Fork.

Size of glasses 6 in. x 3 3/4 in. £2 15s. 4 1/2 in. x 3 in., £2 5s.



Best Electro-plated Worcester Sauce Bottle Stand, 10s.



Best Electro-plated Heating Stand, with Aluminium Top and powerful Regulating Spirit Lamps.

One Lamp—Length 11 1/2 in., £1 15s.
Two Lamps—Length 18 in., £3 0s.
Three Lamps—Length 26 in., £4 10s.



Crystal Whisky Measure,
Solid Silver Mounts,
7s. 6d.

SELECTIONS SENT TO THE COUNTRY

Carriage Paid and at Company's Own Risk.



WILSON & GILL'S £10 CANTEEN
Containing complete service of Spoons and Forks for 12 persons. 5 1/2 dozen pieces. Finest quality Electro Plate on Hard White Nickel Silver.

MAKE YOUR WEAK HAIR STRONG IN THIS WAY.

Write To-day for This Free Seven Days' Course of "Hair Drill," Which Will Enable You to Grow a Healthy, Luxuriant, and Beautiful Head of Hair.

This Scientific Home Method only takes up two minutes of your time every day, but its beneficial results will last all your life.

If your hair is weak in any way, poverty-stricken either in growth or in colour, that is the way you can make it strong.

Sit down at once, cut out the coupon given at the foot of this article, fill it in with your name and address, and post it off with 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of return carriage, and the day after to-morrow the postman will deliver at your door a neatly-packed parcel addressed to you.

On opening this parcel—on which there will be nothing to pay—you will find inside a complete set of Toilet necessities comprising everything required for increasing the growth and enhancing the beauty of your hair.

This set of Toilet requisites—which is presented as an absolutely free gift to you—includes, first of all, a bottle of that well-known and highly-popular tonic-dressing for the hair, "Edwards' Harlene," which is to-day being used regularly by the most beautiful women and fashionable men in the country, who state that they owe the present glossy beauty and free-from-blemish condition of their hair entirely to the efforts of Mr. Edwards in instructing them in his famous secret Hair-Culture Method, the Harlene "Hair Drill."

Mr. Edwards' Latest Discovery, "Cremex."

Secondly, in this Presentation Outfit you will find a large trial packet of Mr. Edwards' latest discovery, the "Cremex" Powder for Shampooing the Hair and Scalp.

"Cremex" Shampoo Powder is absolutely safe to use. It contains nothing which is in any way dangerous either to the hair or to those who use it.



Two minutes a day—that is all the time you need spend practising "Harlene Hair Drill." Two minutes' "Harlene Hair Drill," either in the morning on rising or at night before retiring to rest will work wonders with your hair. Send for your Gift Outfit to-day.

devote two minutes a day (either getting up in the morning, or at night before retiring to rest) to this always successful Hair-Culture Method.

Try this method for a week, and at the end of that time you will notice a wonderful improvement in the condition of your hair.

Scurf will disappear.

All tiresome itching or irritation will cease.

The Falling-out of hair will stop.

Dull and dead-looking hair will become lustrous and glossy.

Grey or white hair will recover its original colour.

Your whole appearance will be changed for the better.

If you have prematurely aged through the poor and weakly condition of your hair, "Hair Drill" will make you look young again.

This, then, is to enable you to make your weak hair strong again, a method you are now offered to try for a week in your own home, free of cost.

Fill up this coupon, enclose 3d. in stamps for carriage of parcel, and post it to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and in return you will secure immediately everything required (materials, instructions—everything) for growing a luxuriant head of hair free of any charge or obligation.

Further supplies of Harlene may be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world, in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, or sent direct on receipt of postal order. "Cremex" in boxes of 6 for 1s.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its holder to a Free Outfit for Increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair, as described in the above article.

To THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.
Kindly send me one of the Toilet Outfits as per your offer in above article. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

NAME

Address

Mappin & Webb (1908) LTD.



7226
Fine Diamond,
£3 3 0



7244
Beautiful Pearl,
£7 15 0



7228
5 Pearls,
£4 5 0



7236
Fine Diamond,
£6 0 0



7238
5 Diamonds,
£6 10 0



7212
Diamonds and Pearls,
£7 0 0



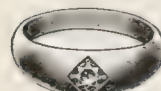
7234
3 Diamonds,
£6 18 6



7275
5 Diamonds,
£15 0 0



7263
Diamond and Whole Pearl,
£12 12 0



7235
Fine Diamond,
£5 15 0

御漫遊、日本人各位
特種御便宜ヲ計リ可申候
弊店御覧見ノ希望申候



7288
3 Diamonds,
£20 0 0

RINGS

ONLY
FINEST
QUALITY
GEMS.



7281
Diamonds and Pearl,
£18 0 0



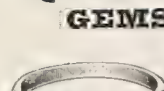
7310
Whole Pearl, 2 Diamonds,
£60 0 0



7305
Diamonds and Round Pearl,
£50 0 0



7316
Pearl, 2 Diamonds,
£30 0 0



7311
3 Fine Pearls, 2 Diamonds,
£30 0 0



7310
Pearl, 2 Diamonds,
£30 0 0



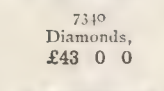
7310
Diamonds,
£43 0 0



7311
3 Fine Pearls, 2 Diamonds,
£30 0 0



7310
Pearl, 2 Diamonds,
£30 0 0



7310
Diamonds,
£43 0 0



7311
Single Centre Diamond,
£210 0 0
Other sizes from £35



7310
Pearl, 2 Diamonds,
£30 0 0



7310
Diamonds,
£43 0 0



7311
Perfect Round Pearl and
Diamonds,
£200 0 0

SHEFFIELD.

JOHANNESBURG.

MANCHESTER.

BUENOS AIRES.

LONDON ADDRESSES:

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House)

220, REGENT STREET, W.

158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.

Paris: 1, Rue de la Paix.



OMO is the new scientific washing-powder for all White things. Do not use for colours.

You just add some **OMO** to the water; put the wash in; boil for half-an-hour; let soak a further half-hour (or longer if you have the time); rinse out and hang to dry. That is all.

OMO has washed, bleached, and purified in one operation.

OMO does away with all rubbing and scrubbing.

OMO may be used with the utmost confidence.

OMO is made by Hudson's—a name famous in every home. It represents all the skill and experience of years of soap-making, and is sold in 1d. and 3d. packets.



O.S. 13

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE
of what material your Shirts &
Underwear are made, but it
MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE
how that material is woven.

Cotton, if woven into a porous
texture, is quite as protective as
wool, washes better, wears longer,
and is much cheaper.

AERTEX

Cellular

is the oldest and best
of porous fabrics.

AERTEX Cellular Garments are composed of small cells, in which the air is enclosed. The body is thus protected from the effects of outer heat or cold, while the action of the pores of the skin is not impeded.

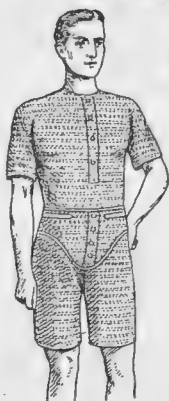
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST of full range of **AERTEX CELLULAR** goods for Men, Women, and Children, with list of 1,500 Depots where these goods may be obtained, sent post free on application to **THE CELLULAR CLOTHING Co., Ltd., Fore Street, London, E.C.**

A SELECTION FROM LIST OF DEPOTS WHERE AERTEX CELLULAR GOODS MAY BE OBTAINED:

London .. OLIVER BROS., 417, Oxford St., W.
Dewsbury .. ROBERT SCOTT, 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.
Aldershot .. T. WHITE & CO., Ltd.
Bath .. CROOK & SONS, 21 & 22, High St.
Belfast .. LOWRY & OFFICER, 12, Donegal St.
Bournemouth .. C. J. WHITING, Westbourne.
Brighton .. G. OSBORNE & CO., 50, East St.
Bristol .. HILL & MARTIN, 25 & 26, Small St.
Buxton .. H. E. NEWBOLD, Paris House.
Cheltenham .. CAVENDISH HOUSE CO. Ltd.
Chesterfield .. H. J. COOK, High St.
Chichester .. A. E. REYNOLDS, 84, East St.
Cirencester .. FREDK. BOULTON & SONS, Ltd.
Coventry .. HAYWARD & SON, 16 & 17, Broadgate.
Crewe .. J. R. KILNER, 13, Earle St.
Cromer .. RUST'S, Ltd., High St.
Darlington .. J. H. WAITES, 4, King's Head Buildings.

Derby .. W. N. FLINT, 74 & 76, St. James' St.
Dewsbury .. CHADWICK BROS., 27, Westgate.
Dorking .. M. SMITH, New Buildings.
Douglas (I. of M.) .. A. H. FAYLE, Victoria St.
Dublin .. KENNEDY & McSHARRY, 24, Westmoreland St.
Dundee .. DRAFFEN & JARVIE, [St.
Edinburgh .. STARK BROS., 9, South Bridge.
Eton .. E. C. DEVEREUX, 127, High St.
Exeter .. PINDER & TUCKWELL, 191, High St.
Folkestone .. TUCKER & WALKER, 1, Sandgate Rd. [St.
Glasgow .. PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Ltd., Sauchiehall
Harrogate .. W. G. ALLEN & SON, 6, Prospect Crescent.
Hitchin .. HERBERT MOORE, 11, High St.
Huddersfield .. W. H. DAWSON, 22, New St.
Hull .. THOS. GILLET, King Edward St.
Lancaster .. R. STANTON, 17, Cheapside.
Leamington .. NEVILL STRANGE & CO., 44, The Parade.

Leeds .. HYAM & Co., 42 & 44, Briggate.
Liverpool .. BELFAST SHIRT DEPOT, Lord St.
Manchester .. FRED. MIDDLETON, 87, Mosley St.
Middlesbrough .. A. W. FOSTER, 74, Linthorpe Rd.
Nottingham .. DIXON & PARKER, Ltd., Lister Gate.
Plymouth .. PERKIN BROS., 13, Bedford St.
Preston .. R. LAWSON & SONS, 130, Fishergate.
Reading .. STRANSON & SONS, Market Place.
Sheerness .. TEMPLE BROS., 3, High St.
Sheffield .. R. HANLIDGE, Norfolk House.
Sligo .. H. LYONS & CO., Ltd.
Southport .. BELFAST SHIRT DEPOT, Lord St.
Sunderland .. H. BINNS & CO., Ltd., 38, Fawcett St.
Weston S. Mare .. E. HAWKINS & CO., 35, High St.
Weymouth .. G. MUMFORD & SONS, St. Mary St.
Wigan .. JACKSON & SMITH, 42, Wallgate.
Wolverhampton .. A. HALL, Queen Square.



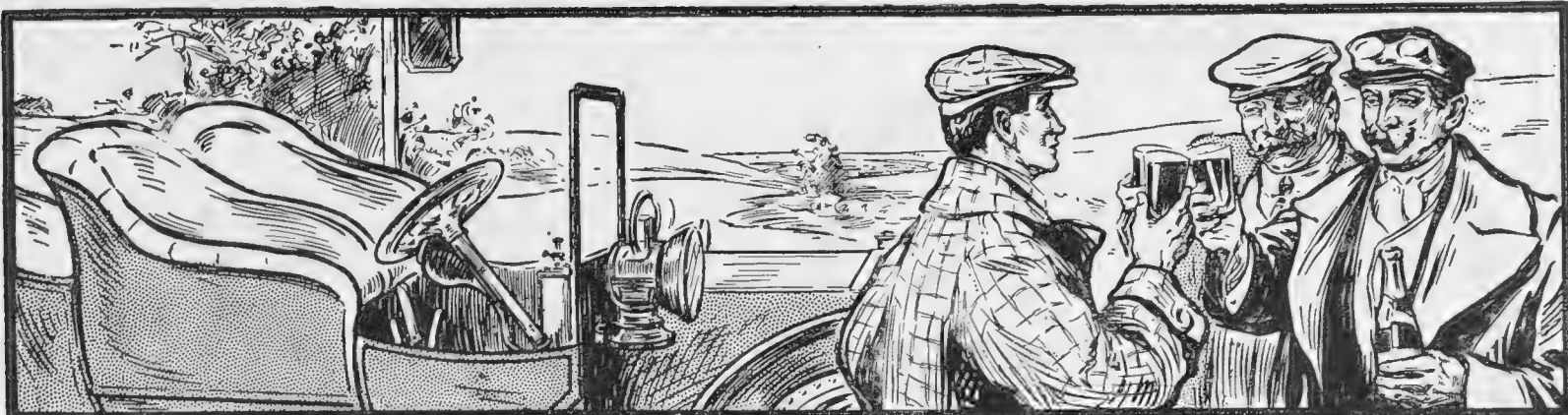
AN IDEAL SUIT OF
SUMMER UNDER-WEAR FOR } 5/-



DAY SHIRT from 3/6

*This Label on
All Garments*





Men appreciate the
sparkle and zest of

ROSS'S

Belfast Dry Ginger Ale

Always pure, sparkling, vivifying; free from the coarseness, insipidity or other unpleasantness of ordinary non-alcoholic drink; clearing to brain, cooling to body, satisfying to thirst, a splendid "whip" to the system.

"ROSS" derives this superiority from its choice ingredients, pure Artesian Well Water, and the hygienic methods of its preparation and bottling. It is often preferred to whisky and soda, whilst, taken at lunch "in the city," or at sport, it prevents the need of a four o'clock cup of tea.

If you feel you need a stronger drink, "**Ross**" blends and mellows perfectly with whisky, brandy or gin. "**Ross's**" Soda Water has the same natural blending excellence.

W. A. Ross &
Sons, Ltd., Belfast.

London: 6, Colonial Av., } (Wholesale
Minorities, E. } only.)
Glasgow: 38, York St. }



When you buy a bicycle

remember there is one fitment that will make or mar your comfort more than any other—the SADDLE—and one Saddle that will enhance that comfort as none other can—the

BROOKS

Behind that name there is every essential in design, material, and manufacture for the making of a perfect combination of comfort and durability.

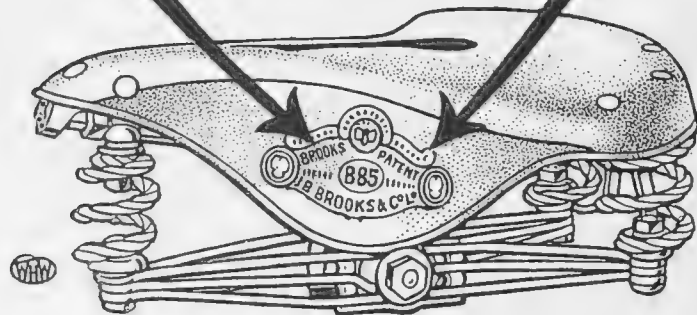
Every rider of a BROOKS will confirm that statement, and if you will test a BROOKS and test the others you will do so too, for nothing reveals the BROOKS superiority so strongly as comparison.

Hence

note that name

and let us send you copy of the BROOKS BOOK describing over 50 models.

J. B. BROOKS & Co., Ltd.
60, Criterion Works,
BIRMINGHAM.



From
Tobralco
Fashion
Album
Style
No. 7



The silky, lustrous finish which distinguishes the wide range of exclusive Tobralco designs from all other white wash dress goods, actually seems to gain brilliance from washing. Tobralco makes it possible for many to dress in white—which is always dainty and fashionable—who could not previously afford to do so. The most practical holiday fabric.

For Summer Blouses and Children's Frocks
washable

TOBRALCO

is unrivalled for style, economy, durability.

9³/₄d. per yard—27-28 in. wide.

Tobralco may also be had in ecru and black. Makes up easily. Does up easily. Wears wonderfully. 9³/₄d. per yard, 27 to 28 ins. wide. Name on the selvedge at every two yards. See it at your draper's.

FREE TOBRALCO PAPER PATTERN COUPON
With every purchase of Tobralco at the Draper's you get a coupon good for a paper pattern. Or send 6d. for a paper pattern to "TOBRALCO."

FREE TOBRALCO FASHION ALBUM
at all Drapers who sell Tobralco. If your Draper cannot supply you, send us his address and we will send Fashion Album and Tobralco samples post free.

Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co. Ltd. Proprietors, 132 Cheapside, London, E.C.

BULMER'S CIDER,

THE ONLY CHAMPAGNE OF THE APPLE.



RELIEVES GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

A Delicious Drink for every Table.

NO PRESERVATIVES.

Exported all over the World.

ORDER FROM WINE MERCHANTS, HOTELS, OR THE MAKERS.
Write for Bulmer's Standard Work on Cider free from
H.P. BULMER & Co., Hereford.

Sir John Bennett, Ltd.,

WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS.

£15 GOLD.



SPECIALITIES for SPORTSMEN.

Watches of every description for RACING, HUNTING, YACHTING, GOLFING, CYCLING, &c., &c.

CHRONOGRAPHS.

Gold Keyless Chronograph, with Fly-back Seconds Hand, 1/2-plate Hall Chronometer, Jewelled in 13 Actions, 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-hunting, and Crystal Glass Case, registering the Seconds and Fifths of a Second. Specially made for Hunting and Rough Wear.

GOLD ... £15, £20, £25, £30, £40.
SILVER, ... £5, £8, £10, £15.

Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.

Gents' Gold Double Albert, 18-ct., from **£12 10s.**; 15-ct., from **£9 15s.**; and 9-ct., from **£5 5s.**
The Largest Stock of Gold Alberts in London,
18-ct. gold from **£5**, 9-ct. gold from **£2 10s.**

£5 SILVER.

THE "CHEAPSIDE"

World-famed for Accuracy and Durability.

Our "Cheapside" 1/2-plate English Keyless Lever, with Chronometer Balance and fully Jewelled in Rubies, in strong Silver Case, with Crystal Glass. The Cheapest Watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight, **£5**; Do. in Gold, **£15.**

65, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C.,
AND
105, REGENT ST., W.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.

Actual

John Pound & Co.

Makers.



CASES
Specially
Designed
to take
CUSTOMERS'
OWN
FITTINGS.



Gentleman's ROLLED HIDE Dressing Case, African IVORY and SILVER fittings,
on removable standard, size 24 by 16 by 8, £13 13 0.

Lady's ROLLED HIDE Dressing Case, lined MOIRÉ SILK, plain SOLID
SILVER fittings, size 20 by 13½ by 7, £18 18 0

268-270, Oxford St., W. 211, Regent St., W. 67, Piccadilly, W.

(New Showrooms).

177-178, Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.

81-82-83-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONE:
4277 AVENUE (2 lines).

TELEGRAMS:
"POUND, LONDON."

4 minutes a day saved=2 hours a month

TYPE B.

3I/6

In Russia
Leather Case.

TYPE A.

2I/-

In Brown
Leather Case.

Y.S.C.

THE NEW RAZOR DE LUXE

This razor has been on the market only 5 months. Up till now it has been obtainable only from ourselves: but it is already in use all over the world.

We must admit that we did not even ourselves anticipate the extraordinary success it has met with. Mere excellence of design and material alone would not account for this, and we attribute it entirely to the fact that it gets over the two great drawbacks to safety razors—the necessity of taking apart and cleaning, and the lack of any scientific adjustment to suit different growths of beard.

A WORKING MODEL

sent free on application if "The Sketch" is mentioned.

YORKSHIRE STEEL CO.,
30, HOLBORN, E.C.

This is the right bottle—genuine 'C & C'
Belfast Ginger Ale.

Insist on having it.

No imitation has the fine
'C & C' flavour—is so pure
and palatable—such a perfect
drink for summer days.

Be sure it's 'C & C' for
you and no other.



CANTRELL & COCHRANE, LTD.
(Est. 1852.)

Works: Dublin and Belfast.

Depots: London, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

London Offices: Savoy House, 115, Strand, W.C.

London Agents: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd.
London Bridge, S.E.

Say
"C & C"

C & C
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

4006

CARRON XVIII Century Design Firegrates

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ART IN IRON
find expression in the unique designs of "Carron"
XVIII Century Firegrates.

The decorative value of these old-time grates,
executed in the days when hand labour was at its
zenith, cannot fail to be appreciated, while their finish
and efficiency is assured in Carron Company's
reputation of 150 years' standing.

The range of designs is so varied and extensive as to admit
of their adoption with almost any style of home decoration.

No. 40 XVIII Century Design Firegrate Catalogue on application to

CARRON COMPANY CARRON,
STIRLINGSHIRE.

Incorporated by Royal Charter 1773.

A complete assortment of Carron manufactures on view at the
following Showrooms—London (City) 15, Upper Thames St., E.C.; (West
End) 23, Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W. and at Liverpool, Manchester,
Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birmingham & Dublin.



There's rubber for you!

The very finest rubber grown, pure Para, is the only kind from which

MICHELIN

Red Rubber Tubes

are manufactured.

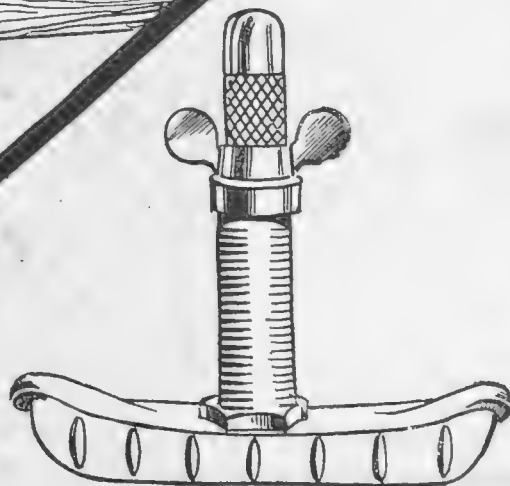
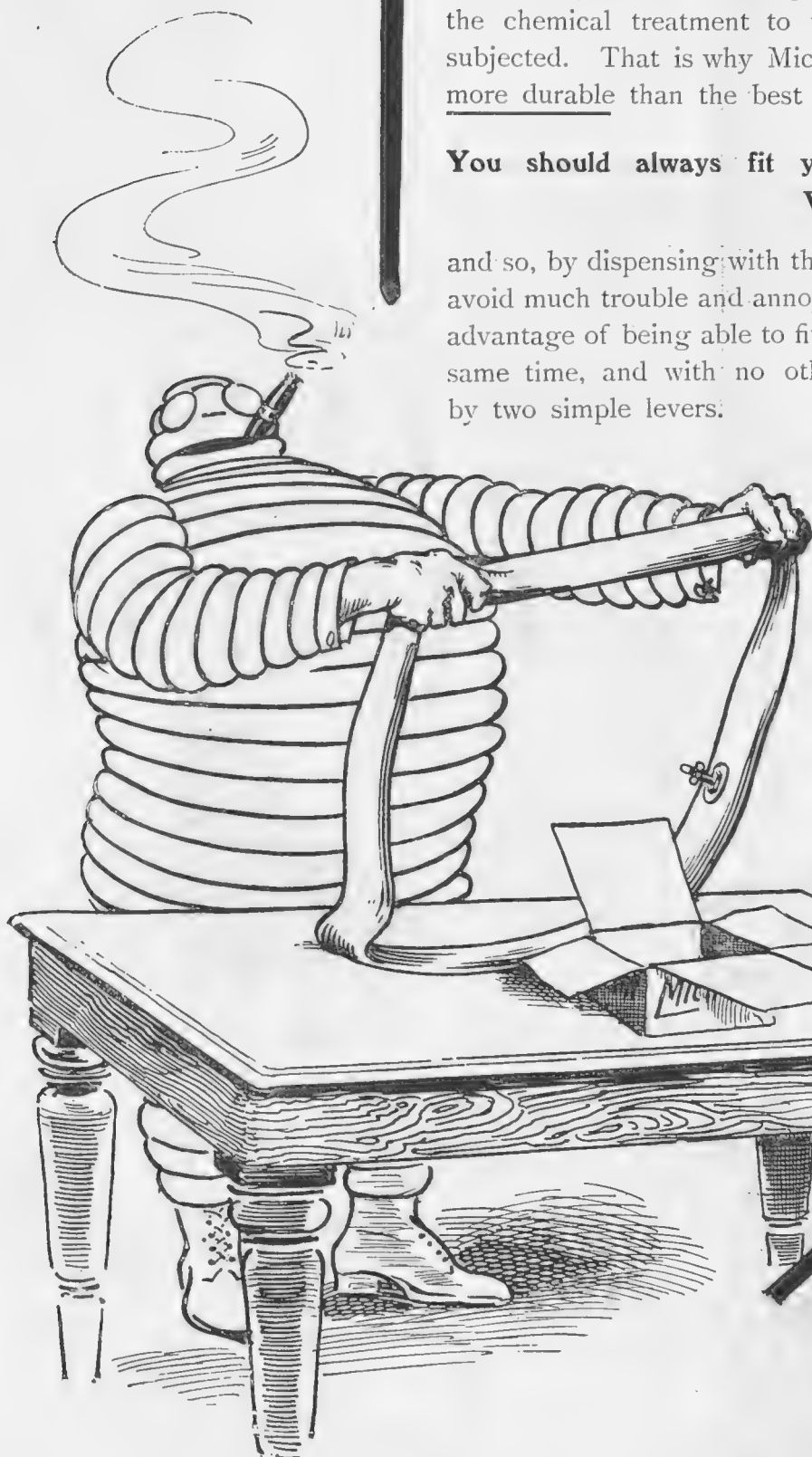
Para rubber owes its exceptional durability and elasticity to the chemical treatment to which it—and it alone—can be subjected. That is why Michelin tubes never harden and are more durable than the best grey tubes made.

You should always fit your Michelin tubes with Bolt Valves,

and so, by dispensing with the necessity for using security bolts, avoid much trouble and annoyance—besides securing the great advantage of being able to fit or detach cover and tube at the same time, and with no other assistance than that afforded by two simple levers.

Write for the Bolt Valve Book,
free on request.

THE MICHELIN TYRE CO., LTD.,
42-53, Sussex Place, South Kensington,
London, S.W





The "Westminster" Sideboard.

DESCRIPTION—6 ft wide full width top, 25 inches back to front. Beautifully polished and bevelled British plate mirror, 55 inches by 24 inches. Drawers and cupboards of ample dimensions. Pull-out drawer cellarette. The illustration shows that the design, though bold, has the delicate lines so necessary to really artistic furniture, enriched by beautifully designed incised carving, a fine example of the cabinet maker's skilled craftsmanship. The excellence of the workmanship combined with a careful selection of beautiful and naturally figured wood has produced a piece of furniture which will be an addition to the dining-room of mansion or villa, fulfilling the demands of comfort, and pleasing to the connoisseur who is careful of the appearance of his room.

Made in Walnut or Oak (any shade, either fumed or polished). Also in Mahogany.

FREE. We will send you free by post our large illustrated Catalogue "66" containing hundreds of designs, also Price Lists, estimates, hints on Furnishing, etc. It costs you nothing and will save you pounds.

29 Guineas Deferred Payments or Discount for Cash.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Colonial and Foreign Orders receive special attention.

GLOBE Furnishing Co.

(J. R. GRANT, Proprietor).

Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL,

and at 38-40, High Street, BELFAST.

When starting on a SEA-TRIP
or a long RAILWAY JOURNEY

don't fail to have in
your pocket or handbag
a box of



ZOTOS

the infallible preventive of

SEA-SICKNESS and

TRAIN-SICKNESS

Prepared from the prescription of a well-known London Physician.

In Gelatin Capsules (tasteless).

Quite harmless. No bad after-effects.

ZOTOS not only prevents sickness, but stimulates the appetite, and promotes a keen enjoyment of the journey.

Small Size, 1/7½ per box (containing 6 capsules).

Large Size, 2/9 per box (containing 12 capsules).

Special Size for long voyages (containing 48 capsules), 10/6 per box.

Of leading Chemists, or

ZOTOS, Ld., 32-34, Theobald's Rd.
London, W.C.



A GRAND PIANO FOR SMALL ROOMS.

The article which presents the greatest difficulty to the convenient and artistic arrangement of the modern drawing-room is undoubtedly the piano. This is especially so in the case of the ordinary grand piano, and many people find themselves on the horns of a dilemma—shall they deny themselves the rich tone of the grand or tolerate its inconvenient size?

Messrs. Richard Lipp and Son have made it their business to solve this problem, and their solution enables all piano-lovers to enjoy both the tone of a full-size grand and the advantages of a small piano. In short, they have produced a "baby" grand, possessing a volume of tone and elasticity of touch not to be found in many grand pianos of greater length.

As Mr. F. Willeringhaus, the English principal of the firm, explained in an interview, many baby grands are made, and made easily, by simply reducing the features of the full-size instrument; but a baby grand with the tone and touch of a grand is quite

another matter. However, it is what Messrs. Lipp set themselves to evolve, and the result is the Lipp "Minimgrand."

The Lipp "Minimgrand" is not merely a cabinet-maker's production, but the production of tone-artists with many years' experience of the building of the old-fashioned larger instruments. The difficulties involved by the limited space aimed at were many, but after long and exhaustive experimenting Messrs. Lipp have produced in the "Minimgrand" an instrument with extraordinary merits, one which embodies unmistakably the superb qualities of a much larger grand.

Messrs. Lipp invite inspection of their varied stock of "Minimgrands" in rosewood, choice satinwood, and in Louis XV. cases with ormolu mounts at their showrooms, 56, Berners Street, W. An advantage which will be useful to many is that an enquirer can be shown by a unique system the exact space the grand will occupy, thus avoiding all difficulties about fitting it in.

For
Small
Rooms.

LIPP

For
Small
Rooms.

"Minimgrand"

PIANOS



Exceptional in tone and touch. Unequalled in build and workmanship.

The beauty of tone of the LIPP Piano appeals to the cultured player.

Made in all woods and in all designs—the really perfect piano.

The price we will allow you for your old instrument will go a long way toward paying the cost of the new one, and our liberal terms make the balance a very light matter. We take your old piano, no matter what make it may be.

A Catalogue will be sent post free to any address.

RICHARD LIPP & SON,
56, Berners St., LONDON, W.

(Mr. F. WILLERINGHAUS, Principal.)

'Phone: Central, 5279.

Second-hand Pianos by all makers at low prices.



Tecla's Reconstructed Gems

THE NEW PEARL.

The world has acknowledged Tecla's Reconstructed Rubies—made from particles of real rubies coalesced together—to be genuine. They are gradually supplanting the natural stones.

Tecla are now showing Professor Tecla's latest success:

PEARLS

which have the identical lustre, delicate tone, texture, weight and durability of pearls from the Orient.

LONDON
30 Old Bond Street.

TECLA

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix.

No other Branches or Agents.



"As smart for town as they
are indispensable for country."



Look for the
Dexter Fox
trademark
to secure a
thoroughly satis-
factory weather-
proof coat for
town or country.

"The weather-
resistance of a
bird's feathers"

best defines the weatherproofness of "Dexters." A similar system of air pressure cells; a similar development of the natural oils—these are the peculiarities of the famous Dexter Weave and Weatherproofing. Automatically proof against rain, wind and dust; perfectly ventilating. Reinforced at all frictional parts—Unmatched in process and results.

DEXTER

WEATHERPROOFS

Weather-proof lining. Triple weather-proof self-lined sleeves. One (underneath) seam sleeve. Smart Dexter design and tailoring. No rubber.

For patterns of "Dexter" fabric, with special illustrated brochure and your local "Dexter" agent's address, write to the manufacturers: Dept. B,

WALLACE SCOTT & Co., LTD., Glasgow.
(Wholesale only.)

Full range of styles and prices. Popular grades from

42/- to 63/-

Obtainable from high-class tailors and hosiers.
(Ladies' Coats in same styles.)



ENGLISH TUSSORE

The Tussore used in our Dust Coats is specially made for us on English Looms. It can be cleaned indefinitely, and always looks new.

Unlike Shantung or Oriental Tussore, it is evenly woven, and has no knots or loose ends to catch dust and dirt.

DUST COATS
IN
ENGLISH TUSSORE
FROM

4½ gns. to 6 gns.

DUNHILL'S

2 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W

MANCHESTER:
88, Cross Street.

GLASGOW:
72, St. Vincent Street.

"Cyclax" Skin Remedies

have achieved a success which is quite phenomenal. No woman who places the care of her Skin in the charge of the "Cyclax" Company can fail to score a triumph which is immediate and permanent.

The youthful and beautiful can preserve and increase their attractiveness, and those whose beauty is on the wane can arrest the decadence and restore the comeliness of their early years. These results are produced by means which are absolutely natural and entirely scientific.

Every case is treated individually; infinite care and interest are devoted to it, and every patient attains the goal she desires. The watchwords of the "Cyclax" Company are "honesty" and "thoroughness," and the result is SUCCESS.

Full details of this original and immensely successful Treatment are given in the valuable Book entitled: "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY," which will be sent gratis and post free on application to—

The "Cyclax" Company

58. South Molton Street, W.

The whole World marvels at the "Cyclax" Complexion



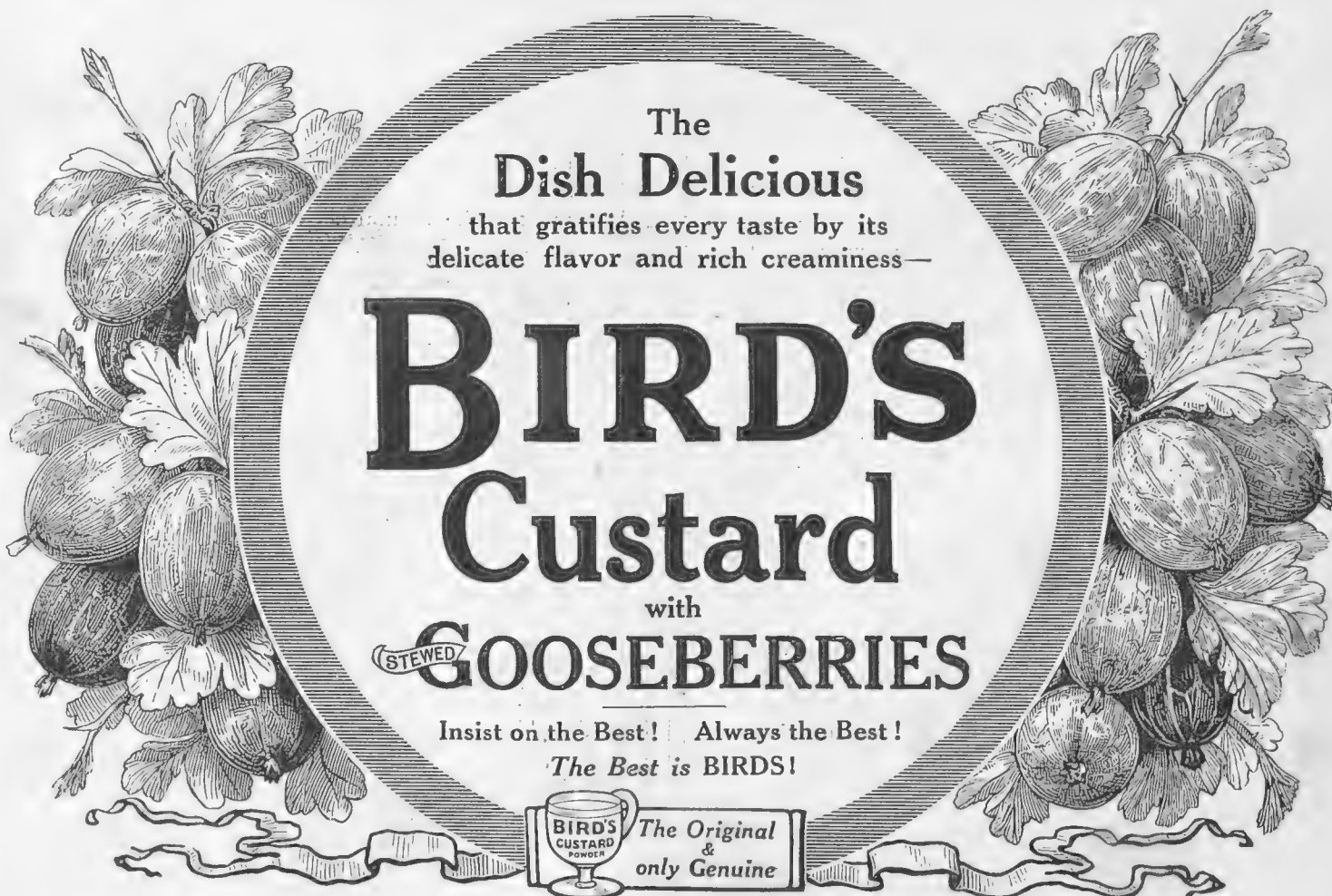
The
Dish Delicious
that gratifies every taste by its
delicate flavor and rich creaminess—

BIRD'S Custard with (STEWED) GOOSEBERRIES

Insist on the Best! Always the Best!
The Best is BIRDS!



The Original
&
only Genuine



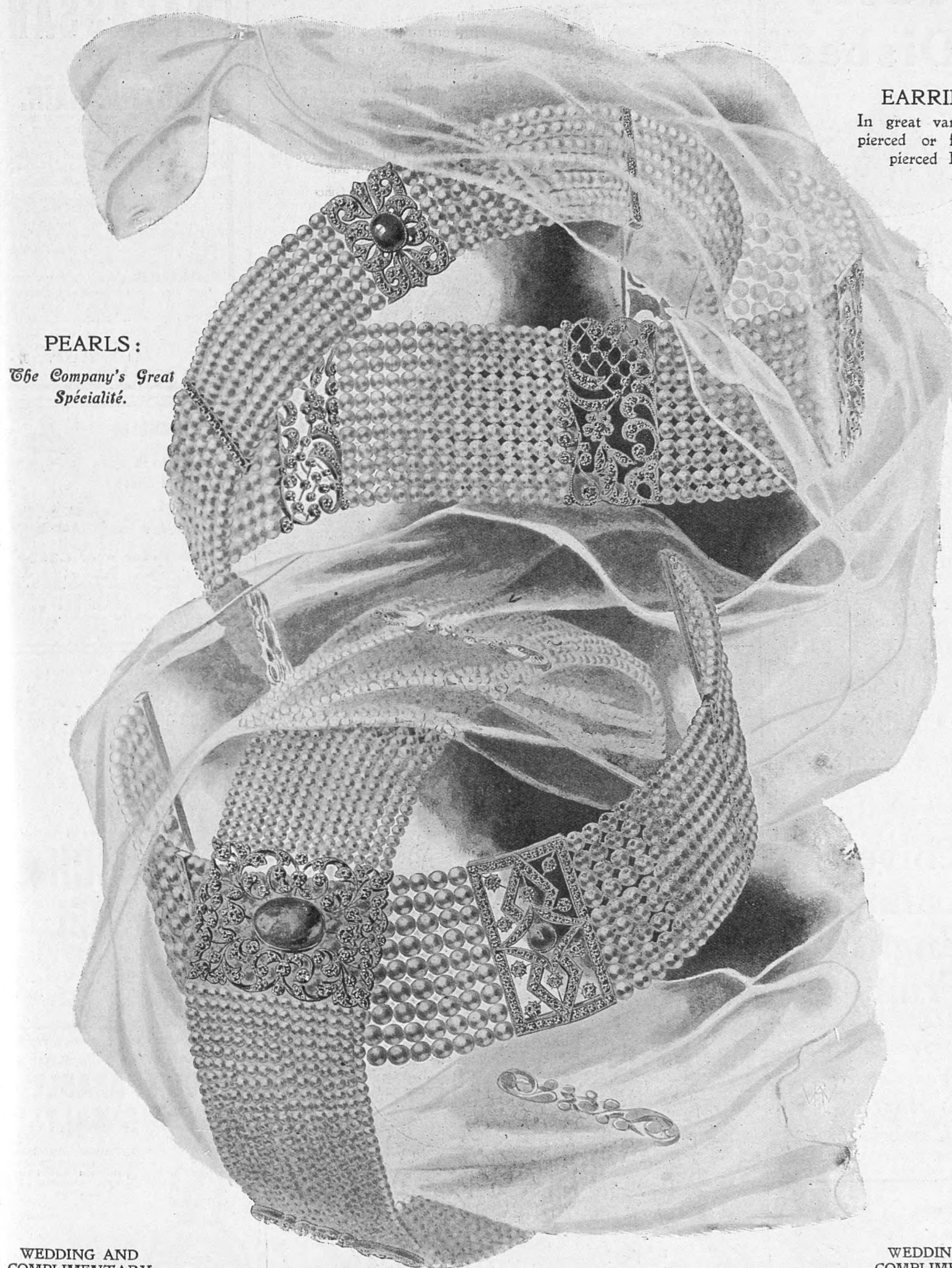
The Parisian Diamond Company. ^{Ltd.}

EARRINGS

In great variety, for pierced or for non-pierced Ears.

PEARLS:

The Company's Great Spécialité.



WEDDING AND
COMPLIMENTARY
GIFTS.

WEDDING AND
COMPLIMENTARY
GIFTS.

The Company's Illustrated Catalogue for the Year 1910 free upon application.

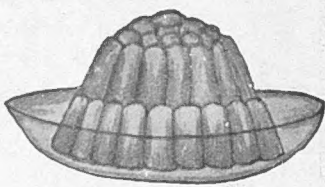
85, New Bond Street, W.; **143, Regent Street, W.;** **37, 38, & 43, Burlington Arcade, W.**

(Opposite Marshall & Snelgrove's.)

(Facing Liberty's, Chesham House.)

(Burlington Gardens End.)

Tasty Dishes



Chivers' Jellies

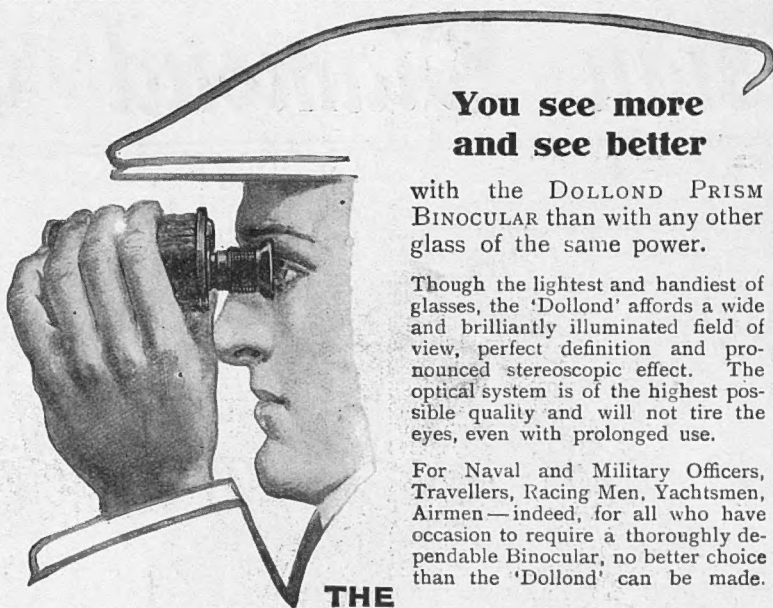
are known
The World over
because of their
supreme taste
and delicacy.
They fill the
want when
appetites are
whimsical,
especially in
warm weather.
Also try

Chivers' Canned English Fruits :

Chivers & Sons, Ltd.
Fruit Growers
Histon,
Cambridge.



TOCAH
PATENT HAMMOCK-LOUNGE
Folds flat like a deck chair.
6 PIECES OF GARDEN FURNITURE in ONE for 10/6
Hammock, Lounge, Bed, Str. cher, Table, Chair,
Obtainable at all leading Stores, or direct from—
TOCAH Co., Ltd., 512, Derbyshire St., London, E.
Complete Illustrated Price List free.



**You see more
and see better**

with the DOLLOND PRISM BINOCULAR than with any other glass of the same power.

Though the lightest and handiest of glasses, the 'Dollond' affords a wide and brilliantly illuminated field of view, perfect definition and pronounced stereoscopic effect. The optical system is of the highest possible quality and will not tire the eyes, even with prolonged use.

For Naval and Military Officers, Travellers, Racing Men, Yachtsmen, Airmen—indeed, for all who have occasion to require a thoroughly dependable Binocular, no better choice than the 'Dollond' can be made.

THE DOLLOND PRISM BINOCULAR

£5 10 0 MAGNIFICATION EIGHT TIMES. COMPLETE IN CASE.
Liberal allowance for old glasses in exchange.

7 Days Free Trial!—We will gladly send a 'Dollond,' together with any other make of prism glass for comparison, on approval, upon receipt of substantial cash deposit, or usual references.

Descriptive Booklet sent FREE by post on request.

(This large circle illustrates the field of the Dollond—the smaller one that of an ordinary binocular of the same power.)

DOLLOND & CO., LTD

35, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 223, Oxford Street, W.
62, Old Broad St., E.C. 5, Northumberland Av., W.C.
Works: Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, E.C.



**After the round—
"Usher's."**

USHER'S WHISKY has delighted connoisseurs for the past hundred years, and is assured of a hearty welcome for a hundred years to come.

The stock of Usher's Whisky now in bond exceeds the equivalent of thirty million bottles—all selected and laid down with the utmost care and discrimination.

USHER'S WHISKY

Usher's Whisky is obtainable at leading Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants throughout the Kingdom and throughout the World.
ANDREW USHER & CO., Distillers, Edinburgh.
London & Export Agents: Frank Bailey & Co., 59, Mark Lane, E.C.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

Preserves, Beautifies, Restores it. Closely resembles the natural oil in the hair, which nature provides for its preservation. No other article possesses this property. Without it the hair becomes dry, thin, and withered. Poor hair mars the effect of a beautiful face. Good hair adds charm and interest to a plain one; every Toilet Table should possess this oil.

LADIES should always use it for their own Hair and for their Children's Hair as it lays the foundation of a luxuriant growth. Golden Colour for fair hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Of Stores, Chemists, and **ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.**

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, Horse and Sheep Show,



AUGUST, 23, 24, 25, 26.

Prizes Value over £3000.

Entries close for Horses on July 21 (Single Fees), and on July 28 (Double Fees). Entries for Sheep close finally on July 14. For particulars apply to the Agricultural Superintendent, Leinster House, Dublin.

To be as particular in the choice of a liqueur as in the choice of wine and cigars is a mark of discernment no host can afford to miss.

Kummel—genuine Kummel—is a liqueur you can offer to your guests at any meal. But be sure to offer only genuine Kummel. Order

J. A. MENTZENDORFF & CO.'S

ALLASCH KUMMEL

But note—none genuine without the signature

"G. B. v. BLANCKENHAGEN" on the label.

Osborne, Bauer & Cheeseman's "INCOMPARABLE SMELLING SALTS"



As supplied to her late Majesty Queen Victoria and the Royal Courts of Europe.

The perfume is Specially Distilled for these Salts.

Invaluable in Hot Assemblies. Of Great Value in the Sick Room. Always Refreshing. The Best Companion at Church, Chapel, Ball, Theatre, or any Heated Assembly.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Bottles, 9d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s.; Wire-covered, 1s. 3d., and 2s., or post free for stamps from

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN,
19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.
Where a large assortment of Mounted Bottles can be obtained.

**"THERE'S A WORLD OF GOOD
IN THE EARLY MORNING
CUP OF BENDER."**

Mixed with fresh new milk, Benger's Food forms a dainty and delicious cream, and is a complete food in most agreeable form.

Half freshly-made tea and half Benger's Food instead of milk or cream, makes a delightful change, combining the refreshing qualities of the tea with the digestive advantages of Benger's Food.

The Proprietors of Benger's Food issue a Booklet containing much valuable information on the feeding of Invalids and the Aged and the rearing of Infants. A copy will be sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc. everywhere.

THE
EARLY
MORNING
CUP

BENGER'S
Food



B17

LEAMINGTON

A Centre of Health and Interest.

Dry soil and equable climate. Famous remedial Spa, with modern electric and other Baths, under skilled management. Bulgarian Health Milk, from pure Cultures. Exquisite gardens in centre of town. Music, Boating and Golf. High-class Shops.

Booklet free from the Town Clerk, Leamington Spa.



AMETHYST & PERIDOT JEWELLERY IN GREAT VARIETY.



Peridot or
Amethyst and
Pearls,
£7 7 0

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Ltd., invite the public to visit their well-known and old-established premises, 65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C., or their West End Branch, 105, REGENT ST., W., and inspect their choice stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery; or an Illustrated Catalogue will be sent post free on application.

ESTABLISHED 1750.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.

To Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

Humber

CARS

QUALITY

is the keynote of design, materials, and construction of our 1910 models. The whole of our attention has been devoted to the production of a car which should be the most perfect in every detail of any make on the market. This we have effected, as the many improvements in our 1910 cars will testify. We invite you to inspect them at our nearest agents—you will find a hearty welcome awaiting you, and your time will be well spent. We are specialising in two models, 12 h.p. and 16 h.p., with various types of body.

PRICES:

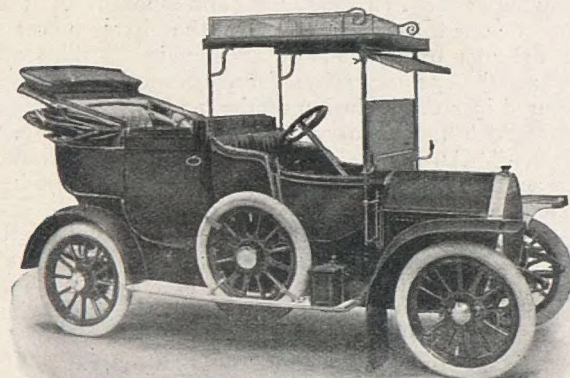
12 h.p. Standard (R.A.C. Rating, 20.08 h.p.), £300
16 h.p. Standard (R.A.C. Rating, 24.79 h.p.), £425
12 h.p. Landaulette (with extension and screen), £425

Full particulars and illustrated brochure sent post free from

HUMBER LIMITED

COVENTRY

LONDON: HOLBORN CIRCUS, E.C.; 60-64, Brompton Road, S.W.
MANCHESTER: 33, Blackfriars Street. BIRMINGHAM: 28a, Broad Street.
NOTTINGHAM: Grey Friar Gate. SOUTHAMPTON: 27, London Road.
AGENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.



GOERZ-ANSCHUTZ

Folding Camera
means

**SUCCESSFUL
SNAPSHOTS**

AT THE FASTEST SPEEDS AND IN POOR LIGHT

when other
Cameras fail.

Gives Exposure
up to 1/1000th
Second.

Easy to use.

LIST NO. 40 FROM

C. P. GOERZ

OPTICAL WORKS, LTD.,

1-6, Holborn Circus,
London, E.C.



THE QUEEN of CRÈME DE MENTHE PEPPERMINT GET FRÈRES

A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur

Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.



Free Sample on application to

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES:

B. LAURIEZ & Co, 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E. C.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Treasury Regulations.

The regulations made by the Treasury for the purpose of Section 86 (2) of the Finance (1909-10) Act, 1910 (10 Edw. VII. c. 8), to give the precious measure its full title, have been the subject of keen discussion among automobilists since the text was published in the *Autocar* of the 11th inst. Whoever was responsible for the draft of the conditions seems to have exerted the greatest care to refrain from making any reference to the R.A.C. formula, which the Government have actually adopted, although they have put forward clumsy statements involving units of cylinder-area. In the words of the bird-like Misses Spendlove, it would have been better for all parties had the formula been given straight away, whereas, after arriving at the area of one's cylinder in inches, one has to juggle divisionally with integers and fractions.

Cryptic Sections.

But the net has been spread, with something like devilish ingenuity, to ensnare all engines and motors that are on the earth, below the earth, or, etc. None, however complex and subtly devised, is to escape. Even those who hoped to get round things more or less by abnormal strokes will find themselves in the toils. Consider the cryptic paragraph No. 3: "Any motor-car deriving its motive-power or any part of its motive-power otherwise than from an engine worked by a cylinder or cylinders shall be deemed to be of a horse-power exceeding twelve but not exceeding fifteen, provided that where the motive-power is derived in part from an engine worked by a cylinder or cylinders the horse-power of the car shall not be deemed to be less than the horse-power attributable to the cylinder or cylinders of such engine." This appears to be aimed at the *petrole-mixte* form of engine, but could it not be tortured into the inclusion of the real petrol turbine when such arrives? Also how clumsy and unmeaning the phrase, "worked by a cylinder." An engine is not worked by a cylinder, although, so far as a reciprocating engine goes, it cannot be "worked" without one.

The Enveloping Clause.

I think it is also obvious that gentlemen of the coif have had a hand in the drafting of this document, else how should the penultimate paragraph appear in all its obscurity? Read how it runs: "Where it appears that, in consequence of the exceptional design or construction of the engine of any motor-car, the horse-power as calculated under the foregoing rules is substantially less than the power which the engine is actually

capable of developing, the horse-power of the car shall, for the purposes of these regulations, be taken to be the same as that of a car of equal efficiency deriving its motive power from a cylinder engine of the ordinary type." Let my readers read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this cryptic composition, for "double, double, toil and trouble," will assuredly follow in its train. Who is to be the arbiter as to the actual efficiency of any particular engine over and above that made out for it by calculation? And is this provision also intended to rake in long-stroke and other freak motors? It would appear that there is a merry time a-comin'.

Additional Literature.

The periodical literature of the motor-car has received yet another recruit in the shape of a most interesting and attractive monthly entitled the *Automobile Engineer*, gotten up very much in the style of our old friend *Engineering*. As its name suggests, this monthly is intended particularly for the expert and specialist, but, to judge by the first number, it will prove extremely interesting to all motorists of a mechanical turn of mind who take more than a casual interest in the mechanism upon which they depend for locomotion. In the issue under review there are at least six articles which can be read with profit and pleasure by amateur motor engineers.

On the occasion of the Folkestone Races the South Eastern and Chatham Railway will run special club trains, leaving Charing Cross at 10.55 and 11.10 a.m., Waterloo 11.12 a.m., London Bridge 11.1 and 11.17 a.m., first class only, including admission to the course and reserved enclosure 20s.; not including admission, 8s. A special train, third class only, return day fare 6s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross 10.25 a.m., Waterloo 10.28 a.m., London Bridge 10.34 a.m., and New Cross 10.43 a.m. Special cheap tickets will also be issued from other places.

Considerable improvements in the services between London and Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe, were foreshadowed at an important meeting held in Paris the other day between the directors and officers of the Brighton Railway Company and the directors and officers of the French State Railways. It was announced that the French State Railways had decided upon the immediate widening of the line between Dieppe and Paris, via Gisors and Pontoise, which will give an acceleration of one hour in the service between Dieppe and Paris, and consequently in the through services between London and Paris via Dieppe. This work will be undertaken at once, and will be completed early in 1912. The French State Railways have contracted for a new turbine steamer to be placed in the Newhaven-Dieppe service early next year.

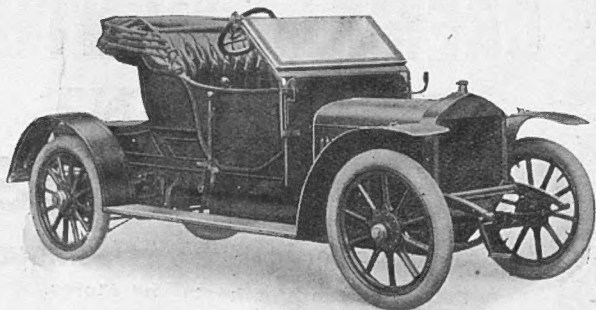
Result of the One Model Concentration.

We have now concentrated our ENTIRE ENERGIES AND EXPERIENCE in the construction of the one model only for the past THREE YEARS.

The BEST FIFTEEN To-day.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

(15 H.P. FOUR CYLS.)



15 h.p. Straker-Squire, with Two-Seater body.

Testimony.

"Hill Side,
"High Wycombe.

"I am very pleased to inform you that "
"the car I had from you in November last "
"has proved absolutely perfect in all "
"ways, and I am simply delighted with "
"it. I have used the car in all weathers,"
"and during the six months have been "
"over 8500 miles."

"Edgar Ranger."

LATEST SUCCESS.

WON The Third 21 Rating
Race, Brooklands Whitsun
Meeting, at 70 miles per hour.

One Chassis only
Various Types of Bodies

PRICES:

Two-Seater	£330
Light Runabout	£330
Four-Seater	£360
Landaulette	£410

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

Straker-Squire (Pleasure Car Dept.), 75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.